THE ART OF TAKING AIM.

(See Page 449.)

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SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane, in the kitchen, will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeed only in injuring the coats of her stomach — the forerunner of dyspeptic trouble which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats, in order that the appetite be appeased, and consequently, less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 3lb. to 12lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but, on the contrary, he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No; the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get this book, the price of which is only 4d. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It can be had direct.—*Ilfracombe Gazette and Observer.*

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How long ago? .....

Physical peculiarity, if any .....

Age .....

Occupation .....

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How long ago? .....

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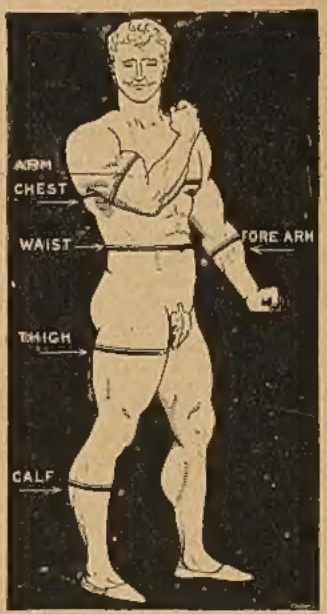

Neck.	Chest Contracted.	Chest Expanded	Upper Right Arm.	Upper Left Arm.	Forearm Right.	Forearm Left.	Waist.

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THE CAPTAIN.

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The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use.

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June, 1898.

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41st	G. M. K. Leggett	8,503
46th	H. Blount	8,285
66th	*C. J. Everard	7,949
68th	D. R. Wright	7,910
79th	F. T. L. Gaskell	7,733
96th	†H. M. Stocker	7,345
102nd	†J. T. C. Broadbent	7,161
Militia Artillery	H. R. Adams	5,096

November, 1898.

42nd	C. S. Hunter	8,777
53rd	F. W. Hill	8,411
54th	J. H. Slade Powell	8,390
63rd	J. W. Renny-Tailyour	8,048
65th	A. C. Gunter	7,978
72nd	T. R. Fraser-Bate	7,709
74th	G. E. Smart	7,626
85th	G. K. Gregson	7,266
—	†R. Arnott	6,560
Militia Artillery	F. E. Koebel	—

* Passed from the Country Branch at Stratford-on-Avon. † Subsequently admitted.

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Militia Literary	Seventeen.	Staff College	Thirteen.
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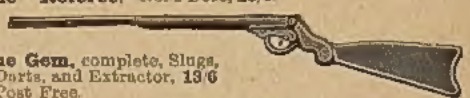

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"THEN I HAVE A PIPE," SAID MR. ALDIN.

An Hour With Cecil Aldin

By The Old Fag.

"THERE'S nothing—absolutely nothing—to make an interview out of," said Mr. Cecil Aldin, the famous young artist, as he poured me out a cup of tea. "I was born, reared, educated, put under a master, became an artist—that's all."

"*What!* No story of penury—no arrival in London with half-a-crown?"

"There has been no 'half-a-crown' period in my career," replied Mr. Aldin, pouring me out my second cup of tea (I am fond of tea), "and so what's the good of my pretending there ever was? I became an artist, and began to contribute straight away to the best papers, beginning with the *Graphic*. Editors seem to like my drawings and paintings, and so I draw and paint. Anything else?"

"Another cup of tea, please!" I gasped. Never had I conducted an interview of this sort before.

"You will pardon me for remarking that you are a cool fish?" said I.

"Certainly," was the prompt answer. "I've been called much worse things than that in my time," and he laughed.

I saw this would not do, and so, over my fourth cup of tea (I have told you I am fond of tea—I should have said *very* fond), I regarded Mr. Aldin's compact figure, curly hair, healthy face, and general air of contentment and happiness, and then observed:—

"Your work seems to agree with you. Did you never yearn to be anything else—such as an engine-driver, station-master, game keeper, or 'bus-conductor?"

MR. ALDIN'S HOUSE, BEDFORD PARK.

From a painting *by Cecil Aldin.*

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

"No; never wanted to be anything of that sort."

"Well," I cried, "let's start at the beginning. I'll ask questions, and you answer them."

"Rattle ahead," said Mr. Aldin.

"You were born ——" I began.

"1870."

"Where?"

"Slough."

"Good baby?"

"Indifferent to bad."

"Went to school?"

"Eastbourne College."

"Left school?"

"'87."

"And then——"

"Went straight to art, under Mr. Frank Calderon, son of the R.A. Stuck at Midhurst, studying, for three years——"

"And then——"

"Launched forth on my own, when I sold my first drawing to the *Graphic*. It was a sketch of a dog show. I knew there was a St. Bernard Dog Show at Olympia, and so I drew it out of my head—didn't go—slung it into the *Graphic* office as they were going to press, and lo! it appeared next day. Sharp work, eh?"

"Very sharp. It is not surprising that your name is a household word wherever pictures of dogs and all matters artistic are appreciated. I congratulate you. Shake!"

We shook.

"Thank you," said Mr. Aldin. "Won't you have another cup of tea?"

It was my fifth, and I suffer from indigestion, but I took it. I shall probably die of tea.

"You were no doubt very pleased with your first cheque?" I went on.

"I was delighted."

"Your blood fired by this success, you went from triumph to triumph, until you found yourself a famous artist at the age when a good many men are just beginning to feel their way, as it were."

"That is very good of you," said Mr. Aldin. "Another cup of tea?"

It made six, and then I stopped. Six cups of tea ought to be enough for any man, however old he may be.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES' BORZOI, "ALEX."

Having now told you how Mr. Aldin won success — just walked into the Temple of Fame, you know, and took a seat—I will describe his studio.

He lives in Bedford Park, that picturesque district of riverside London so beloved of artists. Near him reside W. B. Wollen, R.I., H. H. S. Pearse (both of these at the seat of war as I write), and a whole corps of actors.

journalists, sculptors, and gentlemen of no occupation.

Mr. Aldin's house is large and healthy; there are merry voices in the nursery; and in the dining-room may be seen much brass-work dear to the eye and touch of the *connoisseur*. But the studio is the place. I can't tell you what shape it is—say octagonal, with a dash of circle and oblong—and as you enter you halt, and cough gently, for there, in the far corner, sits a very dainty lady model.

"DOGS RUNNING"—FROM MR. ALDIN'S NURSERY WALL.

"Ah!" says Mr. Aldin. "Allow me to introduce you. Mr. O. Fag—Miss Smith."

We bow. He laughs long and loud.

"Why laugh?" say we.

"*She's wax!*" he cries.

And she is.

We come to an alcove. Lo! a gigantic horse.

"Dear me!" we exclaim. "Is this a stable?"

"Allow me to introduce you, Mr. O. Fag—my bay mare, 'Sweet Nancy.'"

We bow. Again he laughs.

"Well, is *she* wax?"

"No; *she's stuffed!*"

These two figures — the wax lady model and the stuffed horse — give Mr. Aldin's studio a strange and uncanny appearance. In the photograph which I had taken you will observe Master Aldin (aged 2½) sitting astride the mare. While I was there Master Aldin mounted the bull-dog and suggested a steeple-chase; but the bull-dog bucked, and Master Aldin was shot under the sofa, whence he was fished by his father, fully decided that a bull-dog is not an animal to go steeple-chasing on.

It would be strange if an artist, so famed for his delineations of the dog-world, did not keep a few of these creatures about him.

As I entered the studio, a large and charmingly ugly bull-dog rose on one side of the hearthrug to greet me, with a spacious grin that ran round to the back of its neck, while something else of a canine nature began to uncurl itself on the other side, which, when fully unrolled, proved to be several fathoms of a remarkably fine Borzoi hound. However, I am not nervous with dogs, and Mr. Aldin, as he afterwards remarked, never keeps a bad-tempered animal, so that we were all immediately on good terms. You know the picture, "Brighton Front," which represents a lady driving tandem, well, the Borzoi is loping along beside the high cart, and, between ourselves, Mrs. Aldin is the original of the driver.

The member of his pack which attracted me most (sort of fellow-feeling, I suppose), was a wire-haired terrier—a grand old chap, "broken to ferrets," and keen as a knife on rabbiting.

From a painting by *Cecil Aldin.*

"THINGS LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW, MUST BE AFTER A FAMOUS VICTORY."

Photograph by THE STUDIO. *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

Mr. Aldin was at a farm, and the farmer was about to shoot this terrier "because he was such a confirmed poacher." But Mr. Aldin bought in the doggy for five shillings, and has had him now for nine years! He's a rare one in the country, but in town he is sluggish, and loves chiefly to lie in front of the great studio fire.

When in the country Mr. Aldin exercises his pack by means of his bicycle, but not much in town, although the bull-dog can run very well, and the Borzoi, of course, gets over the ground in fine style. A year or two ago, Mr. Aldin had a small monkey, which used to ride on his handle-bar. What with the dogs and the monkey, his rides were quite of a family-party nature. He gave the monkey to the Zoo after a few months.

Mr. Aldin has cycled during several holidays on the Continent, at Bruges, and elsewhere; but he never takes his own machine, as he believes that unless one is making a tour it is more satisfactory to hire, and save one's cherished mount from those children of wrath—the railway servants. As he does not go in much for landscape drawing, he seldom uses his machine for the purposes of his art. He is very versatile in his work, and has tried with much success practically all branches of drawing and painting. He began by sketching animals—dogs and horses at shows, and similar objects—and, being successful with them, turned his attention to figure subjects. Latterly, he has been doing a great deal of book and magazine illustration, as well as a considerable amount of poster work, which he finds very fascinating.

By way of filling up the time, Mr. Aldin showed me a cool letter—quite one of the coolest, I should think, an artist ever received:

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to ask you whether you have any objection to falling in with what I am about to propose. I have noticed in some of the illustrated papers that you have furnished the editor with sketches of dogs in various attitudes, as, for instance, the series which appeared in the *Sketch* a short time back. I go in for pen-and-ink work, but am not able to do any original drawings. Now, if you would allow me to make copies of your work, I think we might turn it to some advantage. I have sketched the series aforesaid, put them into a frame with a special border round

ROUGH-COATED BASSETT HOUND—THE PROPERTY OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AN AFGHAN HOUND.

each of my own design, and presented it to my father as a birthday present. The man I took it to to be framed asked me whether I could do any more, so I told him I would first of all find out your address, and communicate with you before attempting such a thing. He tells me he thinks they would sell well, especially at this time of the year. What per cent. would you want if you agree to my proposal? The picture-frame maker says he would want 10 per cent. which seems rather a lot, as, if he sold the picture, the buyer, in all probability, would have the picture framed at his shop, which should almost pay him.

If you could arrange to call on me, if not asking too much, then I could show you a copy of the sketches, which would give you a very good idea as to how I get them up, and we might then arrange for future business, if you feel so inclined.—Yours faithfully,

---

Needless to say, Mr. Aldin did not "arrange to call on" this very cool correspondent.

Thinking my readers might like to hear how a black-and-white artist (especially a very busy one) gets through his work, before taking my departure to Turnham Green station, *en route* for Burleigh Street, I tackled Mr. Aldin on the subject.

"Now," said I, "suppose you describe your day's work for the benefit of my crew. Begin at the beginning, please."

"All right. Rising early in the morning, I proceed to light the——"

"Steady on! How early?"

"'Bout eight."

"Yes—you proceed to light the fire?"

"Fire? I didn't say 'fire.' No, gas—light the gas. Having lit the gas, I shave——"

"My *dear* sir, spare us these details, *pray!* We will grant you have shaved, dressed, and breakfasted. Then?"

"I go to my studio——"

"Quite so. Yes—seize your brush and pen, smooth out your board, or canvas, and work like a——"

"One moment, my dear sir. Do you think I am a machine to be turned on at nine in the

WHERE MR. ALDIN WORKS.

THE STUFFED HORSE—MASTER ALDIN UP.

morning and off at nine at night? No, no! On reaching the studio I sit down in front of the fire and read the paper."

"Ah!—like to keep level with the war news. Excellent! Having spent an hour with the paper, you say to yourself, '*Work!*' fling the paper down, and go to your easel."

"Not at all. I light a pipe."

"Of course you light a pipe. I gave that in. But, having lit your pipe, you—you——"

"Take my doggies for a stroll to Hammersmith and back, along the towing-path."

A SKETCH IN BRUGES.

"Ah!—very healthy. On getting home you go straight to your studio, and commence——"

"No; by the time I reach home I generally find lunch waiting. I have lunch, and then——"

"Ah, I see now! Don't work till the afternoon. Go on! Having finished lunch, you go to your studio, and——"

"Sit down by the fire."

I mopped my brow. When was the work going to begin?

"Yes," I said meekly. "To think over your work, I presume?"

"No fear. I sit down by the fire and go to sleep."

I gazed round the room—pictures, pictures, pictures. I knew Mr. Aldin's work is always in request, and *always done up to time.* When, then, did he work? I asked myself. This not proving much use, I asked *him.*

"Having taken your afternoon nap, Mr. Aldin, I presume you seat yourself before your easel and——"

"Then I have a pipe," said Mr Aldin.

"Yes, yes. Let that be understood. Pass over the pipe."

"But I *won't* pass over it. I light it."

"And then——"

"Read the paper for a bit."

I gazed despairingly at the wax lady, at the stuffed horse, at the dogs. No good! *They* couldn't help me.

"When," said I, in a slow, hopeless way, "you have read the paper for a bit, you——"

"Have tea," was Mr. Aldin's prompt conclusion.

Drawn by a Somali.

A PORTRAIT OF MR. CECIL ALDIN.

"Look here!" I cried. "Are you in earnest?"

"Yes — telling you how I work."

"Pray *tell* me how you work, then. Let us say you have had tea. The tray removed, you——"

"Take my doggies for a walk to Chiswick or Barnes. Tell you an anedote about Barnes. Once upon a time——"

"Hold!" I cried. "Is this how you work? Pray be serious. On returning from your walk, you—"

"Dine!"

"And after dinner?"

"Sit down by the fire——"

"Yes; and——"

"Light my pipe."

I rose from my chair gravely and sternly. I laid my hand on his shoulder. I looked him in the eye. Then, in deep, troubled tones, I said:

"And after you have lighted your pipe——"

"I read the paper for a bit."

No good, you see. He wouldn't tell me when or how he worked. I put on my overcoat and hat, seized my umbrella, and, casting one furious look at him, departed.

Photograph by (c) *Newnes, Ltd.*

A CONFIRMED POACHER.

As I strode towards the door, he—yes—sat down by the fire, lit his pipe, and began to read the paper for a bit!

MR. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR'S FAVOURITE COMPANION.

THE PERIL OF TWO.

A Game and a Fight.

By George G. Farquhar.

It was only a scratch match, but that it called forth great interest was apparent from the many excited spectators assembled to witness it. All Manley House knew that Paul Gwynne and Frank Beeston were to captain the opposing teams, and all Manley House also knew that whenever these champions made their appearance in the football field, smart play was sure to be the order of the day.

"Gwynne's fifteen will win," opined young Vereby—Manley House played the "Rugger" game—"that's a certainty."

"Don't be too cock-sure," bluntly put in his companion. "Beeston's the best three-quarter back in the whole school, and if his forwards only hold their own in the 'scrum,' the other side won't have a look in."

"Pooh, my dear fellow! Gwynne's as fast a man, every bit; and I've no doubt he'll tell his men to keep the ball tight, so as to make the most of their extra weight. But here they come. Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Both Paul and Frank were great favourites in the school, not because of their intellectual attainments—to tell truth, neither shone very brightly from a master's point of view—but on account of their redoubtable prowess in all sports. Beyond that we are not prepared to go, holding the opinion that he would indeed be a prejudiced judge who awarded the palm of superiority to either.

But the ball is in motion, kicked off by Johnson Major. Beeston's full-back returned it with a long drop into touch, and the first scrimmage took place near the half-way flag. For the next few minutes the game was slow; to the intense chagrin of the onlookers, scrimmage succeeded scrimmage with monotonous regularity. Just before half-time, however, Gwynne managed to get hold of the ball; there seemed no stopping him; amid deafening cheers from his admirers he raced along, close to the touch-line, at his topmost speed.

"Bravo, Paul!" shouted the enthusiastic Vereby. "Hand 'em off! That's the way. Look there, Howard. See him scud! Bravo, bravo!"

His tone changed to a disgustful howl when Paul, almost on the goal-line, was collared and brought to grass by two of Beeston's men.

In the scrimmage that ensued the superior weight of Beeston's forwards was strikingly apparent. Getting their heads well down, they pushed like niggers, carrying the ball with them, and compelling the opposing eight to give ground, inch by inch, until the game was worked back almost to the "25" flag before the serried mass broke up again into the "loose." From both sides of the enclosure the eager spectators showered ironic comments and gratuitous advice.

"Stick to it, Bees! Shove 'em off the earth! That's the style! Played—played, Bees!" cried one section of the crowd.

"Now then, Gwynnes, hold up! Tuck your head in, there, you Rodgers! Don't shirk 'em, man! Hi, use your feet — give it boot!" chorussed the other.

"Give it grandmothers!" Howard put in sarcastically. "Let me tell you Gwynne's crew doesn't stand a dog's chance in this show——"

"Don't they—don't they, though?" Vereby chipped in, his voice rising into a shrill cheer. "Look at that! Just you see that, old chap—and weep!"

Howard's jaw fell. "That" had been a particularly brilliant bit of play on Paul Gwynne's part, wholly redeeming the non-success of his former effort.

After being kicked aimlessly hither and thither in the "loose scrum," the ball at length went bounding over the field towards Gwynne, the right wing three-quarter. Darting forward, he picked it up neatly, and started for another run. But Beeston was already speeding in his direction, bent on collaring him, and so preventing the threatened attempt to cross the goal-line. The watchers, breathless with in-

terest, strained their eyes to see what would happen when these two redoubtable champions met in full career. What actually did happen, however, came with the unexpectedness of a surprise to them all. Probably feeling that his chances of passing Beeston were small indeed, Gwynne suddenly slackened his pace, glanced swiftly aside at the goal-posts—and the next moment the ball was sailing through the air, and over the cross-bar!

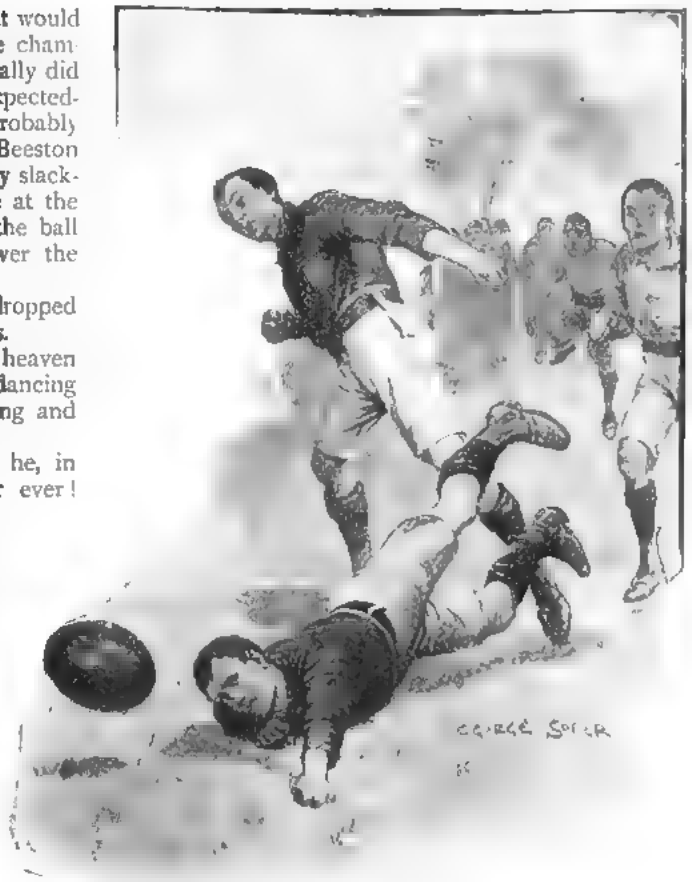
It was the cleanest and prettiest dropped goal ever kicked in Manley Meadows.

Young Vereby was in the seventh heaven of delight. He spun round like a dancing Dervish, snapping his fingers, crowing and gloating in exuberant glee.

"Grand — glorious!" ejaculated he, in high-pitched tones. "Gwynne for ever! Good old Gwynne!"

Even Beeston's partisans, to their credit be it recorded, could not refrain from joining in the shouts of admiration which the feat had called forth. As keen enthusiasts in a noble game, they knew both what clever play was and how to appreciate it to the utmost.

When the ball was again set going, Beeston and his men shaped themselves to retrieve their fallen fortunes. Grim and earnest, they pushed, ran, and tackled in manful fashion; but, although they rushed the ball more than once into close proximity to the enemy's goal, they always failed to cross the line. If the attack was dogged and protracted, the defence was equally stubborn and unremitting.



PAUL MADE A SWIFT DASH FORWARD, AND APPARENTLY LOSING HIS BALANCE, THRUST OUT HIS LEG.

At half-time the teams changed over with the score unaltered—a dropped goal, or four points, to *nil*.

But the run of the day was in the second half. From a series of neat passes, following a "line-out," Beeston himself secured the leather, and, spurting past the opposing forwards, dashed at full tilt towards the goal. Only Gwynne and the full back, or goal-keeper, were now in front of him; if he could elude Paul, Frank would assuredly succeed in grounding the ball behind the posts, and so obtain the coveted "try."

The distance between them decreased rapidly. With set and resolute face Paul prepared to tackle the advancing man. When within half-a-dozen yards of his opponent, Frank made a feint of dodging, quickly resuming his original course as Paul swerved aside to circumvent the seeming ruse.

"He's missed him—he's missed him!" yelled the spectators, excitedly.

Instantly their voices were hushed. With blanched faces they looked at each other in silence. Just as Frank seemed to get clear away from his adversary, Paul made a swift dash forward, and, apparently losing his balance, thrust out his leg. Stumbling over it, Frank fell heavily to the ground. He lay there quite still, never attempting to move, and when he was assisted to his feet it was seen that his left arm hung limply by his side. He had to be carried from the field, and the match thus came to an abrupt conclusion.

"I don't like to think so, but it looked to me very much like a beastly, intentional foul," said young Howard as they walked away.

"Not it!" returned the other indignantly. "He fell—that was plain enough. And Beeston wouldn't have got through in any case; there was still the full back to pass."

REVOLVERS IN HAND, THEY STOOD THERE, BACK TO BACK, FEARLESSLY AWAITING THE END.

"Rot! Beeston would have got round him as easily as—as—I should get round a lemon cheese-cake," which feat, unless the speaker's reputation belied him, would have been no very difficult task.

Frank's injuries, happily, were not so serious as at first was feared. In a few days he appeared to be right as ever, but it was noticed by divers of his companions that the intercourse between him and Paul—never, perhaps, of the most cordial nature—ceased altogether from that time forth. How long this strained relationship could have lasted without an open rupture, cannot be known, for not many weeks afterwards, financial difficulties overtaking his father, Frank was withdrawn from the school.

And now we must skip a few years, and change the scene of our narrative.

The 29th Royals were stationed at Jutapoor, in the north of India, at the time of the rising of the Chul hill tribes. This rising led to one of those British "wars in miniature," which awaken little interest in the newspaper-reading public. Upon the military police and a detachment of the 29th devolved the duty of quelling the disturbance, the whole column being placed under the command of Colonel Forster.

The expedition had been out some weeks, when Lieutenant Gwynne, in charge of a foraging party, started out from the camp. Among the members of the party chosen for this duty, Private Beeston was numbered. Although the lieutenant had been gazetted to the regiment a couple of months before it left England, no signs of recognition had passed between him and his former school-fellow. Wealth and opportunity had made one an officer; adversity had compelled the other to enlist in the ranks.

After several slight skirmishes in the neighbourhood of Taison and William's Peak, the rebels seemed to lose all stomach for further fight. They had evidently taken to the hill-fastnesses to the north. That, at least, was the fixed impression in the mind of Colonel Forster. Accordingly, Lieutenant Gwynne adopted little precaution in approaching and entering the deserted villages, and his confidence was so far justified that not a solitary straggling Chul had been seen by any of the men under his leadership.

The little band reached the Guluk Hollow on the return march without having experienced any mishap. Two hours previously they had defiled through the narrow valley on the outward journey, and as they now entered it, the same deathlike stillness seemed to hover over

the place. But when they had traversed half the hollow the silence was suddenly broken.

Wild yells resounded from the adjoining slopes. The mountain sides were quickly alive with fierce hill-men, and the ping-ping of bullets from long-barrelled flint-locks startled the ears of the unwary cavalry. They were caught in an ambush!

Against such overwhelming odds it would have been madness to contend. The handful of soldiers, however good an account they might have rendered of themselves, would inevitably have been annihilated. Only one course was open to them.

"For your lives, men!" cried the lieutenant, at the top of his voice. "To the plain, to the plain!"

Sauve qui peut! Helter-skelter they went, over bush and boulder, at a breakneck gallop. All but one. Frank Beeston's horse, struck by a bullet in the flank, staggered and fell, throwing its rider awkwardly to the earth. Frank had been in the rear of the diminutive force, and the incident, unnoticed by his comrades, did not check their flight. Lieutenant Gwynne alone saw his subordinate's predicament.

For a second, no longer, the subaltern appeared to hesitate. Then, wheeling round his horse, he rode back to where Frank, half stunned, had struggled to his feet.

"Get up behind me, Beeston," he said, quietly. "My horse can easily carry us both. Give me your hand."

"Go on, go on!" replied Frank, in husky tones. "Don't stop for me. Your horse will be over-weighted. Ride for your life!"

"No," said the young officer, leaping lightly to the ground. "Come, let me help you upon his back. Either both of us or neither shall be——"

As Paul spoke, the horse twitched the bridle from his grasp with a toss of its head, and, emitting a snort of terror, started off at full speed after the fast-disappearing troopers.

"It is to be neither," said Gwynne calmly.

Putting out his hand he added slowly:—

"Frank, we were friends once."

"And we are friends at the last," replied Frank, feelingly, as their hands met. "The old school cry, Paul—you remember it?"

Above the clamour of the savage horde of advancing hillsmen there rang out the hoarse shout of these two lusty voices:—

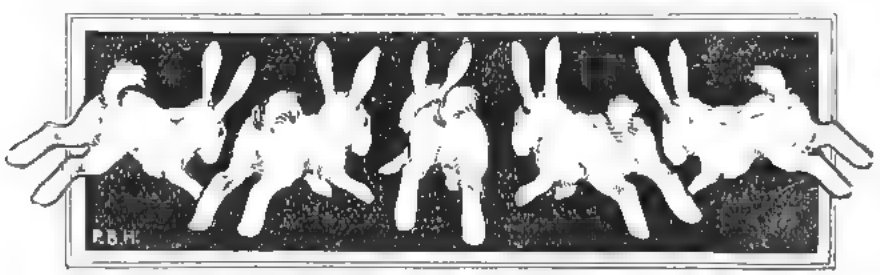
"*Crescat Manleia, crescat Manleia!*"

Revolvers in hand, they stood there, back to back, fearlessly awaiting the end.

Suddenly, from the mouth of the defile, sounded a loud clatter of oncoming hoofs; it was answered by a wild huzza from the heights, above which now appeared the khaki uniforms of the 29th. The Chuls, surprised in turn, out-manœuvred at their own game, turned tail and scattered like stricken deer up the pass.

It befell that, an hour or so after Lieutenant Gwynne's departure from the camp, a friendly hillsman had arrived there with news of the Chul gathering. Acting upon this intelligence, Colonel Forster had posted a strong body of his forces at the lower outlet of the valley, while the major portion was sent, necessarily by a long détour, to occupy the plateau behind and above it.

The pell-mell retreat of Lieutenant Gwynne's party had forced the colonel's hand, causing him to hasten forward the charge. And it was to this opportune attack that Paul and Frank—sworn comrades from that day—owed the preservation of their lives.



GLORY.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.
When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

TENNYSON.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

POPE.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;
And without that the conqueror is nought,
But the first slave.

THOMSON.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!

LONGFELLOW.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action,
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

SHIRLEY.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

SHAKESPEARE.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize;
The soldier's wealth is honour.
The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour o' danger.

ROBERT BURNS.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind.

BYRON.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true.
On the deck of fame they died,
With the gallant, good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

CAMPBELL.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory: it is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory: even the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

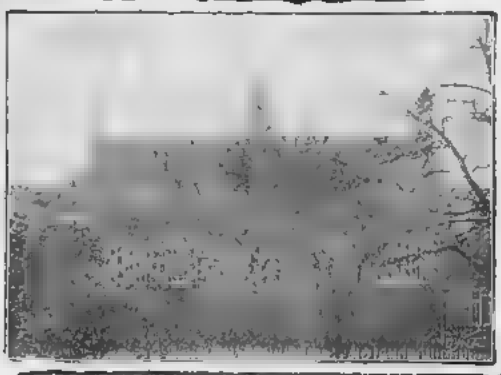
PSALM XXIV., 7-10.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

GRAY.

Some English Grammar Schools

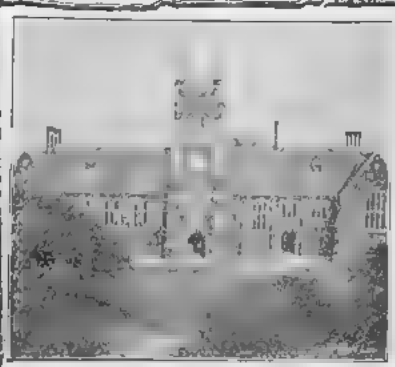


Perse Grammar School, Cambridge

Bedford

From Photographs by Readers of The Captain

Darlington



Whitgift Grammar School

Monmouth

Blackburn

THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—V.

By W W Mayland.

Illustrated from Photographs by Alfred Johnson

I CAN tell you, it was most ignominious. I felt such a kid, you see. At breakfast, on the following morning, my huge captress (feminine of "captor") took a positively childish delight in treating me as a *dolly* sort of thing that you buy in the Lowther Arcade. She pinched me to see if I would squeak, and pulled my coat to make me say "papa," and "mamma." For a giantess she was, as you may imagine, very skittish and playful.

EGG OUT OF A SPOON.

After a time she thought it would be a good idea to give me something to eat, so she sat me down on a rolled-up table-napkin (*I*—who had recently *paddled* out as far as the Eddystone) and made me sip tea, and nibble bread-and-butter (such a mountainous loaf she had — I could *hide* behind it!) and eat egg out of a spoon.

Then, when she thought I had had enough, she picked me up *and kissed me!* Of course, I struggled and fought with her, but what was *my* puny strength compared with that of a giantess?

SHE PUT ME TO BED.

"Now," she said, assuming a way of talking which people suppose to be popular with babies, "oo must go to by-bye. Ickle fing tum with me, dear ickle fing!"

And again she kissed me!

I resented her attentions to the best of my ability, but when I really managed to hurt her she just smacked me—and that was still more ignominious for a *grown man* to put up with.

To be brief, she put me to bed, taking a confounded wax doll (several sizes bigger than *me*) out of its cradle to make room for me.

But this was all child's play (gigantic child's play) compared with what was to come. After I had enjoyed a nice nap (and I wanted it, I can tell you) my torturess (feminine of "torturer") carried me out into the garden and bade me drag a little wagon containing absurd, silly-looking dolls—*such* sticks! But they were all almost as big as I was. One of them sat on the shafts, and one behind, and the other two stood up in the vehicle, staring at nothing in a particularly idiotic way. I played the game of doll-drag for several hours. My giantess was inexorable. She kept me at it; I felt like a galley-slave on dry land. If you look at the picture, you will notice what a resigned, dog-like look I have on my face. I felt like it, too. When I showed signs of flagging, my torturess got a little switch and applied it to my legs in a most barbarous manner—made them sore for *weeks* afterwards. It's wonderful what a little it takes to amuse a torturess. She just sat on a bit of stone and watched me drag those wretched dolls about *all* the afternoon. She was eating peppermints all the time, and didn't give me *one*. I thought it was very mean of her.

I PLAYED THE GAME OF DOLL-DRAG FOR SEVERAL HOURS.

However, all things have an end (I comforted myself with this reflection every time she switched me) and when tea drew near she caught me up and took me indoors. It grew dark soon after tea, so my torturess had to amuse herself as best she could in the house. A happy idea soon flashed across her mind, and she chuckled. Then I knew I was in for *more* merriment. I was. Picking me up by my coat-collar (as if I had been a feather) the giantess took me into an apartment that seemed to me quite as big as the British Museum—only damper. Having turned on the bath she got out a sailing-boat, placed me in the stern with a "stern" (ha ha!) injunction that I was to look after the sail, and set us both adrift.

It was a very anxious time. Had I fallen overboard I should certainly have been drowned, so I held on to the rope like grim death, while my torturess, with a fan, supplied a perfect gale of wind that sent the boat skimming over the surface of the bath-ocean like one o'clock (or

any o'clock you like). No doubt she derived great amusement from this pastime, but I was in a dreadful state all the time, fearing that the boat would tip over. I flatter myself that I showed no lack of courage. I sat in the stern, clutching the rope and wearing an expression of resigned melancholy. In all my life, never before had I been dumped into such an abject position of servitude.

In addition to all this I was dying for a smoke—I would have readily sacrificed the remainder of my sailing-trip for a pipeful of tobacco. My torturess didn't seem to think of this, however. She just fanned away, crowing with delight, and the little boat skimmed over the surface of the bath-water like a live thing. (I believe that is the usual yachting expression to apply to a boat that goes at a good rate.)

Once the boat did tip over. I fell into the icy depths of the bath. I was at my last gasp when a tremendous giantess (several times larger than the young lady who had turned me into a plaything) rushed into the bath-room and started a conversation in what seemed to me not so much a high tone as the roar of a hundred-ton gun.

"What have you done with Mr. Gulliver?" demanded giantess No. 2.

"Oh, nursie," cried my torturess, sobbing and wringing her hands, "he's drownded!"

"*Drownded!*" shouted the other, appalled at this information.

"Mortally drownded," returned my torturess, rushing out of the bath-room, and leaving me to my liquid fate.

HAD I FALLEN OVERBOARD I SHOULD CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN DROWNED.

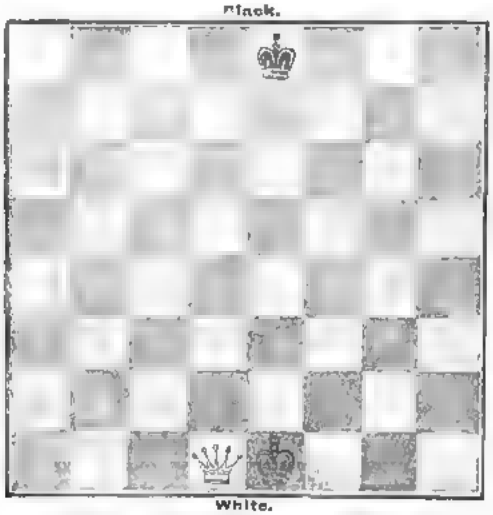
But giantess No. 2 tenderly fished me out of the bath (calling me "sir" all the time) and put me before a fire to dry; and when I was dry she wrapped me round with paper, and secured me with long pieces of ribbon, and tied a label on to me, and took me to the post office and registered me. And lo! (have any of you ever experienced such a thing?) I went back to London as a registered letter, and was delivered to my mother by the eight o'clock postman.

Of course, they were all very glad to see me,

but they were amazed at my *smallness*. They asked doctors about me, and the doctors all diagnosed my complaint (silly old owls!), and all prescribed different medicines for me. So between them I had a very poor time of it, I assure you.

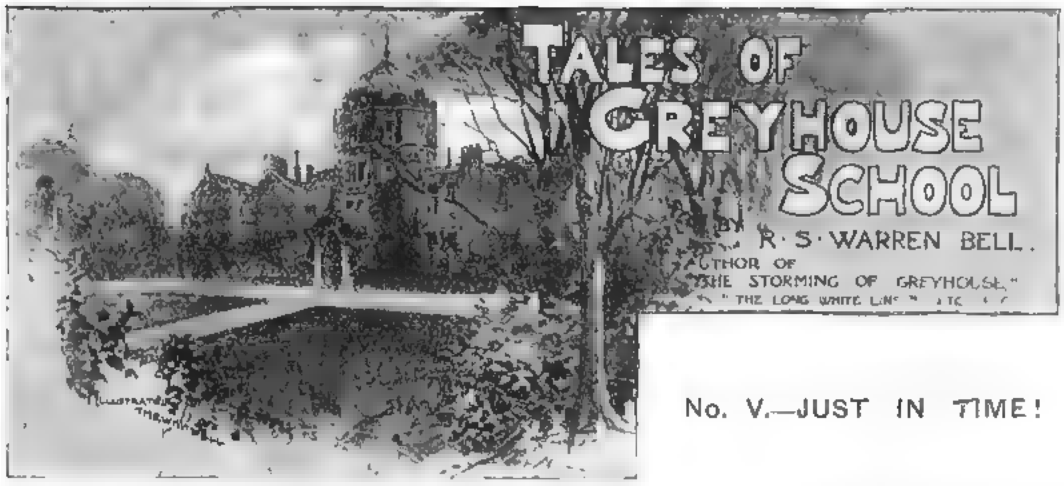
I WENT BACK TO LONDON AS A REGISTERED LETTER.

(To be concluded.)



CHESS PROBLEM FOR FEBRUARY.

For full particulars see Competition Page (506).



No. V.—JUST IN TIME!

I.

Honourable FitzClarence Dewberry was a very well-to-do young gentleman, and fond of letting people know it. In addition to a generous supply of pocket-money, he appeared to possess a number of relatives who seemed eternally anxious to heap gifts upon him. He owned rings, scarf-pins, studs, shirt-links, and other valuable articles, and in addition a massive gold watch and chain.

It was a pity that the Honourable FitzClarence Dewberry, having so much that was worth money in his pockets, did not keep a stricter eye upon that much. Anyhow, whilst he was engaged in a game of football one afternoon in the Lent term, the gold watch and chain I have spoken of were stolen from the waistcoat in which he left them. The theft was committed in the changing-room.

Needless to say, the Honourable FitzClarence Dewberry was greatly perturbed by this loss, for the watch was a curious and quaint one, having descended to him from a bachelor uncle. Mr. Dewberry caused inquiries to be made, and offered a reward on the notice board, and bemoaned his loss in the Fifth Form room at great length. I regret to say that nobody felt at all sorry about the watch.

A fortnight later, whilst Mr. Dewberry was strolling aimlessly through the town of Petershall—whence, you will perhaps remember, proceeded the stormers who did not succeed in storming Greyhouse—he happened to halt before the window of one Moses, a jeweller, and observed, exposed for sale amid a variety of other goods, his gold watch. He knew it, as he afterwards explained to the bored Fifth, by its rum old face.

He went in. One Moses, recognising the Greyhouse cap, was all bows and smiles.

"Here, I say, you know," began Mr. Dewberry, "that's my watch you've got in your window, you know."

One Moses saw that this was not a purchaser, so his manner changed.

"What d'yer mean?" he demanded, roughly.

"I want my watch," explained Dewberry, "it's in your window. It was stolen from me."

One Moses now grew very angry.

"Stolen! Get out with you. Nothing here's been stolen. The watch you mention was sold to me by a very rethpectable young gentleman, who knew how to keep a civil tongue in his head."

"Tongue be hanged!" shouted Mr. Dewberry, whose choler was rising. "I tell you that curious-looking gold watch in your window *is mine*; and before it was mine it was my uncle's, Lord Tanhurst's; and before it was his——"

"Look here," interrupted the jeweller, "let's come to business. You're a Greyhouse schoolboy, ain't you?"

"I belong to Greyhouse School—yes," was Dewberry's way of putting it.

"Very well, then. You go back to your school, and tell your master that your watch is in my shop window, and that it was sold to me by one of his pupils—feller wearing the same cap as you—name of Wardour."

"*Wardour!*"

Dewberry fairly gasped in his astonishment.

"Ah!" cried one Moses, "you knows the

"I TELL YOU THAT CURIOUS-LOOKING WATCH IN YOUR WINDOW *is mine!*"

name, then? Yes—Wardour. I was out, but he sold the watch to my assistant for six pound ten."

"It's worth fifty guineas!" exclaimed Mr. Dewberry.

"I daresay it is," returned the jeweller; "but you can have it back for seven pound. My boy fancied the young gent must have been a bit hard up, and would come and buy it back; but he didn't, so I put it in the window."

Dewberry gaped at the jeweller, and the jeweller smiled.

"You can have it for seven pound," repeated Moses. "That's ten shillings for our trouble."

"I hav'n't seven pounds on me. But keep it till to-morrow, will you?"

"I'll save it for you," said one Moses, suavely.

Dewberry went out in a sort of trance. "*Wardour!* Impossible!"

He got back to Greyhouse somehow, and at once repaired to the captain's study and told him his tale.

"Of course," concluded Dewberry, "I don't suppose for a moment, Wardour, that you ——"

"Of course not," said Wardour. "The jeweller has fudged up the tale. However, I'll go over with you on Monday and make him prove his words."

Dewberry being a weak, indiscreet youth, babbled to the weary Fifth about the event of the afternoon, and soon the story was public property. Nobody credited a word of it. There are ill-natured fellows in every school, and a conscientious captain can't be popular with everybody, and so here and there remarks were let drop concerning Wardour's poverty, and that this year he was being paid for by an old friend of his father's, and all that sort of thing. No decent chap attached any importance to such mutterings; even the fellows who were not well disposed towards Wardour did not believe in their hearts that he was capable of stealing anything (though they admitted that he was capable of administering a jolly good licking when he had a mind to!)

However, the excitement increased when it was babbled forth by Dewberry (who couldn't keep anything in), that he and Wardour had visited the jeweller's shop together, and that Wardour had been confronted by the jeweller's assistant, who swore that Wardour had sold him the watch.

Never the most placid of individuals, Wardour fairly boiled over when the shifty-eyed assistant calmly told this tale, and had there not been a counter intervening, it would have gone hard with that assistant.

One Moses merely shrugged his shoulders.

"You see how it stands, gentlemen," he said. "If a common man had brought me that watch, I should probably have communicated with the police; but when a gentleman wearing the Greyhouse cap came in, my boy naturally took him to be 'all right,' and gave him what he thought was fair for the ticker."

Dewberry was really a good-hearted fellow, and he interfered at this juncture in what was (for him) a very business-like way.

"Well, now, look here, *you*," he said, casting a withering glance at the jeweller's assistant, "I don't believe a word of your story, but it's my watch, and as Mr. Moses says he'll let it go for seven pounds—well, here's the money. There—that ends the matter."

Thus the watch got back to its rightful owner, and the two Greys left the shop.

"I must give you that seven pounds, Dewberry," said Wardour.

"Not at all, old man."

"Oh, but I must. I insist. That miserable little beast of an assistant swears that I sold him the watch, and the worst of it is that on the day he mentions, I *was* in Petershall, and must have been passing the shop even about the time he says I called. Yes, I'll refund you that seven quid, Dewberry."

Dewberry again said: "Not at all," and wouldn't hear of it.

"As you know," said Wardour, rather bitterly, "I'm never very flush, but I'll write to my gov'nor for the cash to-night."

And in spite of poor Mr. Dewberry's protestations, Wardour wrote for the money, and paid it over to him.

"Look here," said Dewberry, gazing disconsolately at the seven sovereigns, "I'll put these in my desk, and I'll get to the bottom of this matter, and when the real thief's found, I'll pay the money back to you—you'll agree to that, eh?"

"Yes, I'll agree to that," said Wardour, readily enough.

II.

The Honourable FitzClarence Dewberry was a man of means, as I have said, and so he went to the Head and asked if he might put the affair into a detective's hands.

The Head, needless to say, was greatly disturbed by the news which Dewberry brought to him.

"This is a very serious matter," he said. "I, like you, cannot believe for a single moment that Wardour had anything whatever to do with the watch. Somebody resembling him must have sold the watch, and given up the name of Wardour, of Greyhouse School. It is really very awkward. I cannot allow you to employ a detective—it would never do. These mysteries can generally be solved without professional assistance. At present leave the matter to me, Dewberry, and—yes, tell Wardour that I would like to see him. Pray don't mention this conversation to your schoolfellows."

But Dewberry couldn't hold his tongue, and everybody knew all about the interview by evening chapel. Many were the curious glances cast at Wardour as he walked to his seat at the head of the Sixth. Nobody believed he had

taken the watch, and yet — how came the jeweller's assistant to make such a statement?

To be brief, the Head spared no pains in his endeavour to find the thief. He called on the jeweller, and cross-examined the jeweller's assistant (whose name was Cable) and, in short, did everything in his power to clear Wardour. But the youth, Cable, stuck to his story. Wardour, and no other than Wardour, had sold him that watch, he declared. Matters were at a deadlock—when, lo! going into the changing room to fetch Wardour's sweater, one Saturday afternoon, Sir Billy came plump on Mike Smith, the general odd-job boy of the school, calmly rifling the pockets of Hallam's coat.

Mike was an eel-like person, wiry as a cat, and strengthened by much hard work.

He and Sir Billy eyed one another for a moment, and then Sir Billy sprang forward to clutch him. Mike put out his foot, and Sir Billy stumbled over it. Before he could get up Mike was out of the room like a flash of lightning, and speeding across the playground. Sir Billy scrambled to his feet, and gave chase, shouting for all he was worth, and, as luck had it, who should come bolting through the quad but Parsnip, sent from the field by Wardour to hurry Sir Billy up.

"Here, where's that sweater, kid?" demanded Parsnip roughly.

"Come on! Catch him!" yelled Sir Billy, pointing wildly at the retreating Mike. "He's a thief, he——"

Parsnip tumbled to the situation with wonderful smartness (for him), and joined in the hunt. Mike dashed through the door leading to the main corridor, down this, out on to the broad stretch of gravel which fronted the school, cut down the drive, and jumped the hedge on the opposite side of the high road.

This was out of bounds for Sir Billy and Parsnip, but what recked they of such things? A few moments, and they were over the hedge, too, following hard on Mike, who was pelting across country like a hare, evidently heading for Petershall Common, a fine open sweep of moorland two miles away.

The chums began to flag long before Mike did, and Parsnip was puffing piteously.

However, they pegged away, and managed to keep the fugitive in view until he reached the common, when he became a speck, and finally disappeared in the distance.

The chums were not to be beaten, however, and kept on his tracks. Suddenly Sir Billy got an idea, and pulled up sharp to give it utterance.

"I'll bet he hides in the ruins!"

He referred to Petershall Castle, a decayed collection of walls, turrets, and hollow-tooth-like dungeons. What was left of this battered old place reared its hoary head skywards on the extreme edge of the moor. The two boys laboured on, and reached the spot just as the afternoon was beginning to fade into evening. They walked through the ruins, and peered round the ivy-clothed buttresses, but nothing did they see of Mike.

"Pooh! He's probably miles away from here," said Parsnip impatiently; "and, I say—what'll Wardour do to you for not bringing his sweater?"

They had stopped by what was once the Keep. Near by a huge, arch-shaped mass of masonry frowned upon them.

"*Hush!*" exclaimed Sir Billy. "What's that?"

Parsnip pricked up his ears.

"Someone coming up the steps. Here, let's hide among the ivy and watch him."

The two quickly stowed themselves away, and presently, with loud-beating hearts, observed the very object of their pursuit issue from the staircase of the Keep and creep along the arch.

The chums kept perfectly still, hardly venturing, indeed, to breathe. The boot-boy's acute senses told him that some foe was in his vicinity. His ferretty eyes shot a glance of keen suspicion at the mass of ivy at the foot of the castle wall, and just caught the white glint of Parsnip's collar.

That was enough for the thief. Quick as thought he was skimming for dear life up the pillar again. Directly the two Greys observed this change in Mike's tactics, they rushed from their place of concealment, and began to swarm up the arch after him. As chance had it, Sir Billy got off, as the term is, a foot or two in front of his chum, and began the ascent of the pillar first. Without a backward glance he writhed along the arch. Light as he was, the rotten structure trembled beneath his weight.

Parsnip was heavier than either the fugitive or Sir Billy, and not a quarter so active as either of them. Sir Billy climbed on, crossed the summit of the arch—the rottenest and most perilous portion—quite safely, and proceeded to pursue Mike.

He was close on his quarry when he heard a cry and a crash, then a thunder of masonry meeting the turf, and a great cloud of dust near ten centuries old.

The fugitive stopped and looked round, and this was the scene that met his eye.

The summit of the crumbling arch had given way, and Parsnip had only saved himself from certain death by desperately clutching a clump of ivy. He was thus suspended in mid air, unable to raise himself or grip any part of the

stone-work with his feet. There he hung, the height of a high house from the ground, swaying backwards and forwards, his life depending on the strength of the roots to which he was clinging.

Sir Billy took in all the details at a glance, as people do when placed in such predicaments. Parsnip was hanging on that side of the chasm which adhered to the castle wall. In order to assist him, then, Sir Billy saw that he must reach that side, too, and at once! *He must jump the yawning gap which separated them.*

"Yah!" yelled Mike, who had paused to watch events, "yer daren't!"

Sir Billy took no notice of of him.

"You'll tumble," was the rascal's encouraging remark; "you'd better go down and let 'im fall on yer—it'll be softer for 'im."

Sir Billy, by way of trying his steadiness of hand, stooped swiftly and seized a large piece of stone which was lying near him. This, with unerring aim, he flung straight at Master Mike, and struck him on the neck. As it happened, Mike had stopped at the point where the Keep stairway began. The effect of the blow was that he tumbled backwards down the stone steps, and went on rolling until he suddenly disappeared from view.

Delighted at the success of his shot — quite a chance one — Sir Billy gathered himself together, and with a tremendous bound cleared the gap, falling with a thud into the ivy on the opposite side. Then, making sure that he was in a secure position, he leaned over towards Parsnip until he was able to grasp his wrists. How he managed the rest will never be known. The thought of his friend's danger must have endowed him with some measure of that might which is seldom dealt out even to grown men. At any rate, although the effort brought out the veins on his neck and forehead like knotted cords, and put a strain upon his muscles which fairly made them crack, he pulled Parsnip up.

He pulled him up, and they sat side by side on the ivy, overwhelmed by the terror of the death one of them had just escaped, and shuddering as they looked down from the arch to the ground.

After this there was silence for a time. Then

HE'S LIFE DEPENDING ON THE STRENGTH OF THE ROOTS TO WHICH HE WAS CLINGING.

Parsnip observed: "By the way, where may Mike have got to?"

"I hit him on the side of the neck with a brickbat—it was a pretty shot, you ought to have seen it—and he disappeared!" quoth Sir Billy.

"Disappeared! Why, he must have fallen clean down the subterranean staircase which begins at the foot of the Keep. Then we've got him! What luck!"

Arrived at the front of the Keep, they started down the staircase so well known to exploring Greys. Down and down they went until they were in complete darkness. The stairway kept straight on until it reached the foot of the wall, and then it began to burrow about. Parsnip marched steadily in front, while Sir Billy followed, the excitement of the adventure causing him to forget all about the terrible strain he had recently undergone while rescuing Parsnip from his perilous position. They knew that the passage ended in a cell, and here, they fancied, the thief must have taken refuge.

THEY THREW THEIR COMBINED WEIGHT AGAINST THE DOOR AGAIN AND AGAIN.

After many tumbles they reached it. Both had been there before, and remembered a good deal of the route. They stopped, and felt round for the boot-boy. But the cell was empty.

"Where can he have got to?" exclaimed Sir Billy.

Hardly had he spoken these words when the heavy door was slammed to from the outside. The bolt was shot into its socket, and a voice observed:

"You can stay there till somebody lets you out, Misters. You don't ketch Mike Smith in a 'urry!"

They were neatly trapped.

III.

As soon as they had recovered from their first surprise, they threw their combined weight against the door again and again. The stonework was Roman, and calculated to stand the buffets of both Time and Men for countless generations. The bolt's socket did not bulge the fraction of an inch. The chums only bruised themselves, so at length they desisted.

They were in complete darkness, for neither possessed a match.

"Well, this is pretty thick, eh?" observed Sir Billy.

"The door, or the adventure?" inquired Parsnip, with surprising wit.

"Both," said Sir Billy, "about as thick as they could be. He doesn't mean to leave us here, surely," he continued. "I expect he'll come back soon and drive a bargain. *I* scored first by knocking him down the staircase: *he* scores next with this. He'll return, and try to make us promise not to touch him if he lets us out, I expect."

"He won't do anything of the sort," Parsnip rejoined. "He'll just clear off out of the district and leave us to our fate."

The idea sobered them. They stood still without speaking for a full minute. Then they began to feel their way round the cell.

As they knew, the place was not more than 8ft. square by 6ft. high. It was supplied with air from the underground passage by means of a very narrow slit in the wall, and, as the atmosphere of the passage was not of a very pure order, the quality of the air in the cell may be imagined.

"If anyone comes along, we can yell to them through that slit," said Parsnip.

"*If*," returned Sir Billy, slowly.

"I say, old chap, don't lose heart," said the other. "We shall get out all right. It's merely a matter of waiting."

"How long?"

"Hang it! Won't they search for us?" demanded Parsnip.

"How are they to know we are here?"

"Mike won't dare to leave us—at any rate, not for long."

Parsnip seemed determined to take a cheerful view of the situation. After a time they went to the door and yelled to Mike to let them out. There was no reply.

"Oh, he'll come after a bit," said Parsnip; "he's only riled with us for chasing him."

They sat down on the damp floor, and tried to chat cheerfully about the approaching sports and other Greyhouse matters. But the weirdness of their plight oppressed them. If all the Lower Fourth had been with them, this would have been rather a lark, but they were just two—alone—and nobody knew they were here.

Again they hammered on the door and yelled frantically to Mike. They kicked the door and threw themselves against it again and again. Nobody spoke to them from without.

Evidently Mike had left them to their fate.

In dull despair they sat down by the door and huddled together for warmth's sake. Conversation was impossible. They now perceived it was quite probable that they would have to spend the night in this loathsome chamber. Their imprisoned state would have had its terrors for grown-up folk, and these two were only youngsters. What wonder that Sir Billy slipped his hand into Parsnip's, and didn't dare pass a remark, because of the big lump in his throat!

The hours crept on, and they grew cold and stiff. They rose to their feet and paced up and down the cell. By this time, as Parsnip presently said, the other chaps must be in "prep.," wondering where on earth *they* were. When "chapel" had arrived, and they had still not turned up, the Head would be informed—telegrams would be sent to Belsert—Mr. Soames would reply that he hadn't seen anything of them—then the Head would grow anxious.

Perhaps a search party would be organised—perhaps they would wait till morning.

Meanwhile——

The idea of spending the night in that cell filled them with frightened energy. They belaboured the door with bruised and bleeding knuckles, and cried out desperately for "*Help!*"

Nobody answered—nobody came

Parsnip had long ere this lost his cheerfulness. Now he was as despondent as his chum. But he found a bit of hardbake in his pocket, and this he shared with Sir Billy. Each made his portion last as long as possible, lingering long and reluctantly over its delicious flavour.

For they were desperately hungry and shivering with cold. To add to their discomfort, denizens of that dark cell—queer, crawling, creepy creatures—paid them visits. Some were dry and some slimy; some peered at them with bright black eyes; such unseen horrors had this dreadful gloom!

In course of time they slept, only to awake and start to their feet with exclamations of horror. Then they would sleep again. And so the long night passed, and the day came; but within the cell it was eternal night, and the prisoners did not know that the sun outside was shining.

IV.

NEARLY three days had elapsed since Sir Billy and Parsnip tore out of the school precincts in pursuit of Mike Smith, boot-boy and thief.

Detective Halward, of Scotland Yard, was smoking the pipe of peace, and enjoying himself very much. His copy of that week's *Tit-Bits* had just arrived, and Mr. Halward was surveying the first page, his intelligent countenance decorated by what seemed to be a fixed and permanent grin.

"Here's a good one," he was just saying to a companion, when "*Yo-hoop!*" went the speaking-tube whistle.

The other man put his ear to the tube, and then turned to Mr. Halward with: "The guv'nor wants you."

Reluctantly then did Mr. Halward lay aside his favourite paper, and betake himself to the sanctum of Detective-Superintendent Ramsey, otherwise known as "The Guv'nor."

"Halward," said Mr. Ramsey, gravely pulling his long moustachios, "a young fellow was run over by a cab yesterday, and taken to St. Matthew's Hospital. To-day I hear he is dying, and wishes to make a confession. The usual police will be there, but I want you to be present, too. The confession may be an important one."

Detective Halward climbed into a hansom, and was quickly whirled away to "Matt's," as the students educated there were pleased to term that immense institution.

Arrived at the hospital, the "tec." was conducted to the casualty ward. Evidently something of more than usual importance was in the wind, for those of the inmates who were strong enough to do so were reclining on elbow, and gazing hard at a bed which was partly hidden from their view by a high screen.

"We can let the lad say what he wants to, now you have come, sir," whispered the doctor in attendance, approaching Halward.

When the detective—who was quite accustomed to scenes of this kind—took his place at the foot of the bed, he found that a nurse was supporting the sufferer's head on her shoulder. The doctor stepped to the bedside and applied his fingers to the lad's pulse. Then the sergeant who had been summoned from the nearest police-station to hear the confession gave a short cough by way of announcing that all was ready. The young constable he had brought with him to do the writing examined his pen, and the nurse bent gently over her charge.

"Now, 26," she said, "you may begin."

The patient opened his eyes and gazed feebly round. Then he sighed, his eye-lids drooped, and he would have sunk back on to the pillow had it not been for the nurse's arm round his shattered frame.

"A spoonful of brandy," said the doctor to another nurse who was in attendance.

She procured the stimulant, and administered a small portion of it to the dying boy. A faint tinge of colour rose in his pallid cheeks, and his eyes opened more briskly this time. Instinctively he fixed them on the doctor, and demanded in a hoarse whisper:—

"Is it all up with me?"

"I am afraid so," replied the doctor, who knew that the pulse he was feeling would not beat for many more minutes.

"Then I'll round on that chap," gasped the lad, adding in an affrighted tone: "He won't know I split on him before I die, will he?"

"No," said the doctor; "you need fear nothing from him."

The look of dread passed from the boy's face, and a strange light of revenge for a moment lit up his dull eyes.

"I'll tell you all I know, then. My name's George Cable, and I'm assistant to Moses, a jeweller at Petershall."

Then he closed his eyes.

"Another spoonful," said the doctor, in a matter-of-fact tone.

The liquor put fresh life into No. 26. He opened his eyes again, and proceeded with his confession, idly watching as he spoke the rapidly-moving pen wielded by the policeman in attendance.

THE HOURS CREPT ON, AND THEY GREW COLD AND STIFF.

"Soon after I was taken on by Moses I met a chap called Mike Smith in a public-house. He and I became friends. Until I met him I was all right, afterwards——"

He stopped speaking. The doctor motioned to the nurse, and again the dying lad's dry lips were moistened.

"I went to the bad. He was at Greyhouse School, and used to nick things, and I used to buy them in the governor's name. They were only little things at first — pencil-cases — then they got bigger, and I was scared."

He sighed, and closed his eyes.

"I'm tired," he said. "Why can't you let me go to sleep?"

"Make an effort, my lad," said the doctor, in a firm voice. "Your evidence is important. Tell us what Smith made you buy from him."

"The best was a watch," said No. 26, "a real beauty. I gave Smith six pound ten for it. I had to, else he said he'd round on me for buying the things before that. And when

inquiries were made he said I was to say it was sold me by Wardour, of Greyhouse School, who he'd got a grudge against, and so I said so . . . ."

Again he collapsed, and again the life-sustaining liquid was poured down his throat. Detective Halward felt disappointed. It was, then, just a common burglary. This was hardly worth wasting time on.

"Is that all?" asked the doctor.

No. 26 sat up without the nurse's assistance.

"No," he screamed, "it's not all. Two fellows saw him stealing, and chased him to Petershall Castle, and there he got them in

DETECTIVE HALWARD LEANT OVER HIM AND SAID, SHARPLY AND DISTINCTLY:—"*Where's Smith?*"

a trap, and bolted them into a dungeon, and that was on Saturday afternoon, and so they must be dead now—it's almost three days . . ."

The detective was listening now for all he was worth. They had been informed at "the Yard" of the strange disappearance of two Greyhouse boys, and a man had been sent down to hunt for them.

No. 26 was gasping for breath. Detective Halward leant over him and said, sharply and distinctly :

"*Where's Smith?*"

"We came up to London . . . he made me . . . Saturday night . . ." murmured Cable huskily, "said he'd kill me if I didn't . . ."

"*Where is he?*" demanded Halward, pushing aside the nurse and holding the boy up in his strong arms.

"Seven . . . Great Spencer Street . . . down in Shoreditch . . ."

Once again he rallied, and gazed at the man who was supporting him.

"Shall you take him—you're a 'tec,' arn't you?" he said.

"Yes—I shall take him," said Halward shortly.

A look of great terror came into the boy's eyes.

"You—won't tell him—I told you!" he gasped.

"You needn't be afraid," said the detective reassuringly. "I won't say a word about you."

"Then—I'll go to sleep. I was afraid—he might get to know . . ."

He sank back, and the nurse arranged the bed-clothes about him. But the doctor suddenly stepped forward and gazed steadily at No. 26.

"Dead!" he said, looking at Halward. "You were just in time."

On leaving the hospital Detective Halward promptly dispatched a wire to his colleague at Greyhouse. Then, hailing a cab, he drove to Great Spencer Street, Shoreditch, and nabbed his man just as Smith was preparing to decamp. For some years afterwards the erstwhile boot-boy at Greyhouse knew no home save that provided by a benevolent Government for the benefit of persons of his ilk.

Sir Billy and Parsnip, when the door of their prison was flung open, were in a pitiable state indeed. Covered with grime, hardly able to move, famished, and parched with thirst, they fainted clean off at the mere sight of their rescuers.

Wardour was of the party. So was Hallam. With the detective's aid they carried their two school-fellows out into God's pure air and sunshine, and applied restoratives.

When Sir Billy came to, his first question related to Smith.

"They caught him," said Wardour.

"And he took Dewberry's watch?" asked Sir Billy.

"Yes," said Wardour; "that's proved."

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried Sir Billy, weakly. "Because, you know——"

"Yes, I know why," interrupted Wardour, with a bit of a catch in his voice. "Here, old boy, have some more of this."

R. S. Warren Bell

[***The concluding tale of this series will appear next month.***]

MY LETTER BAG.

By C. B. Fry.

ASPIRANT (Toronto) is a very keen cricketer, and by the same token likely to achieve his object, viz.: improvement at the game. He is to spend next summer, or the summer after, in England, and wishes to make the best use of this opportunity of learning some cricket. He will, of course, improve his knowledge of the game immensely by watching first-class players with intelligence, so it will be worth his while to join a county club. As to net-practice and coaching, he will, I am afraid, find some difficulty. I have made a note of his case; will institute inquiries and give him all the information I can in the next issue of The Captain.

J. B. (Glasgow) wants to know the best training for taking down surplus fat. He does not give his age, habits, or pursuits, so I cannot be very precise. Taking his hand-writing as a basis of judgment I advise him, if he can, to go in hard for football. It would no doubt benefit him to undertake a course of dumb-bell work — say, a three months' course with 1lb. dumb-bells on Sandow's system of exercises, of which a chart, with directions, can be obtained for 2s. 6d. from Sandow, Ltd., Savoy Corner, W.C. But again I judge by hand-writing—"J. B." had better do only half the work prescribed daily. A trot of a mile or so three times a week might do "J. B." good. Wonders can be done by diet, but this is rather a tricky game. I should rather like to know what "J. B." regards as surplus fat. Boys have rum ideas on physiological questions.

F. R. (Garstang).—The usual arrangement of a field for a medium-pace, left-hand, round-the-wicket bowler would be: two slips about five yards from the wicket and about two and a-half yards from each other; point, square with the wicket; third man, rather finer than usual; cover-point, extra cover, mid off, rather farther out from the bowler than usual; mid-on, long-off, rather straight (*i.e.*, behind the space between bowler and mid-off). But you must remember that the arrangement of the field depends, not only on the kind of bowling, but also on the style of batsman and the state of the wicket. Also, with regard to a left-hand bowler, it makes a difference whether he breaks ball or goes with his arm. In the latter case, you had better have a short-leg and only one slip.

R. E. T. H. (Sandroyd).—I wonder whether you have read my football articles in The Captain. There are some hints there about passing and shooting, which, you say, are your weak points. The only way to learn how to shoot well is to practise with what the French exercise book calls "assiduity." Never be slack at practice; always try to send in a low, hard, skimming drive; keep your toe well down, and plank your instep (*i.e.*, the part of your boot where the laces begin) plumb against the centre of the ball, which should be well under you at the moment of kicking; let your leg swing as far back as possible before kicking, and follow through after the ball. You cannot shoot hard or accurately with your toe; the instep should be used, and unless you keep your toe pointed down you are sure to loft the ball too much. Skill in passing, too, comes only with practice. Use the outside of your foot, and push rather than kick the ball.

C. F., junr. (Pontnewydd).—I am sure I hope your opinion is justified. In any case, you seem a bit of a hero-worshipper, which is a rare good thing in any one. Mind you try to realise in yourself your idea of your hero, whoever he may be; you will then do well. But remember, it is your idea that counts. Considering the time of the year, you shall have what you ask.

G. M. B. (Sunderland), being fifteen years of age and 5ft. 6½ins. of stature, wishes to know what dumb-bells to use and what instruction book. He is quite right to ask both questions. Unless used systematically, dumb-bell exercises are likely to develop one muscle at the expense of another; or one of a pair instead of both. Heavy dumb-bells are bad. A pair weighing ½lb. each would suit "G. M. B." Sandow's chart of exercises is the best—*vide* "J. B. (Glasgow)" above. A good little book is "Physical Training at Home," by A. Alexander, published by Cox, *Field* Office, E.C. Then there is Sandow's little red book, which contains a grand chart explaining all exercises. The last for choice. Grip the bells tightly; do each exercise conscientiously; concentrate your mind on your muscles, and stop just as the muscles employed get comfortably tired.

Rugger (LEAMINGTON)—"Some Hints on Rugby Football" next month.

G. B. B. (EXETER)-asks two questions: (1) Is it out at cricket if you hit the ball with the wrong side of your bat? (2) What part of the head should be used to "head" the ball at football? You are at liberty, "G. B. B.," to use your bat in any way you please to hit the ball; you may hold it by the blade and play the ball with the handle if you like; or you can use it as a billiard cue; none of that is "out," but for my part I do not think you can improve on the face of the bat for the purpose for which it is intended. As for your being able to hit harder with the back, that is nonsense: the surface is convex, so the ball would, nine times out of ten, glance off at an angle. Considering your ideas on batting methods, I am surprised you get a headache from "heading" a football. Meet it with the point of the forehead, plump on your fringe.

A. E. C. (CANNON STREET) is going in for a quarter-mile race in March next. As he can only train in the evenings or on Saturday afternoons, he wants to know what can be done in the way of training with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and artificial leg exercises. He can do a little running on grass at night. He is sitting at a desk all day. His is a typical and interesting case that deserves attention in detail. There is not the slightest doubt that, with the apparently very limited opportunities at his disposal, "A. E. C." can, nevertheless, turn out for the race he has in view as fit as a fiddle and perfectly trained. I wish he had informed me whether he has any experience of running. However, let us see how he ought to train. He has a good six weeks before him. By means of dumb-bell, club, and free gymnastic exercises, he can get every muscle in his body into perfect condition. He should use a pair of 1lb. dumb-bells, and a pair of 2lb. clubs (*i.e.*, weighing 2lbs. each). He should also get Sandow's book, and the chart sold with Sandow's patent dumb-bells, and Alexander's "Physical Training at Home" (*vide* "G. M. B." above). In Sandow's chart he will find a course of exercises for the bells; these he should do every morning, but limit himself to the number of extensions prescribed for the first day; he need never do more. In Alexander's book he will find some club exercises. He should do the bell and club exercises on alternate mornings immediately after getting up, and then take a cold bath or groom himself all over with a half-wrung sponge. In Alexander's book he will also find a number of exercises for the trunk and legs which he might do in the evenings of the days on which he does not run. He had better spend a week in this style before taking to serious running practice. But apart from serious running, he will find heaps of chances of indulging in a short trot or sprint; for instance, on his way to business in the morning. It will be quite sufficient if he runs seriously two evenings in the week and on Saturday afternoon. But I advise him to run on a road rather than on grass, except in very dry weather. He should mix his practice with discrimination. One evening he might run an easy three hundred yards and then a couple of fast bursts of eighty yards; on another he might run an easy half-mile; on another, six fast bursts of thirty yards and a fast 150 yards. He must never do more than somewhat as above on one occasion. He might, when he gets into condition and feels himself fit, run a full quarter at full speed, but must not do this more than once in the first fortnight and twice in the last month of training; and he must do light, easy work during the week before his race. He must try always to run on his toes, with a springy action and as long a stride as convenient, and to improve his pace as much as ever he can by short, sharp sprints.

G. R. H. (WALTHAMSTOW) is fifteen years old, 5ft. 6ins. high, and weighs 8st. 11lbs. He wants to know whether 11 4-5secs. for the hundred yards and 60secs. for the quarter are good for him. Yes, they are decidedly good. He also wants to know whether he will develop into a first-class runner at these distances. It is early yet to venture an answer to that question. I should say he has a very good chance of turning out well if he is neatly built and well proportioned. Any way, he has good reason to cultivate his running and is sure to achieve some measure of success if he sticks to it.

N. G. (ST. MARY AXE).—There is no rule as to the referee blowing his whistle before the throw-in. In throwing-in you must keep both feet flat on the ground. I am not sure how the rule is worded, but all the good referees so interpret it.

G. C. Sparks (LONGUEVILLE, N.S.W.).—The "Book of Cricket" was completed in sixteen parts. I am glad you liked it. There was no room for rules or such-like matter.

G. S. (PORTISHEAD).—Your weight seems rather heavy. But, on the other hand, your development is good, save that your waist is about three inches too big and your upper-arm and fore-arm rather too small. You are a clear

case for Sandow. I should write to Sandow, Ltd., Savoy Corner, E.C. Walking is splendid exercise, but you need not overdo it.

D. S. L. (CRANFURD).—I fear you have a hard job; but keep on trying. See article No. 1 of Hints on Association Football in THE CAPTAIN.

Geo. Alexander. — Watson, of Hull, I fancy, has a photo of the third Test XI.; Hawkins, Preston Street, Brighton, of the fifth. Cross-country running is liable to take the edge off your sprinting power; it is an excellent pursuit, but does not go well with running on a cinder track. The style is quite different.

What ho!—Many thanks; but I do not attach much importance to the newspaper article you send. The writer is either ignorant or muddle-headed—both, most likely. His statements are incorrect, his arguments mere quibbles. He falls into the common blunder of not distinguishing between words and facts.

F. G. Turvill.—Reply next month.

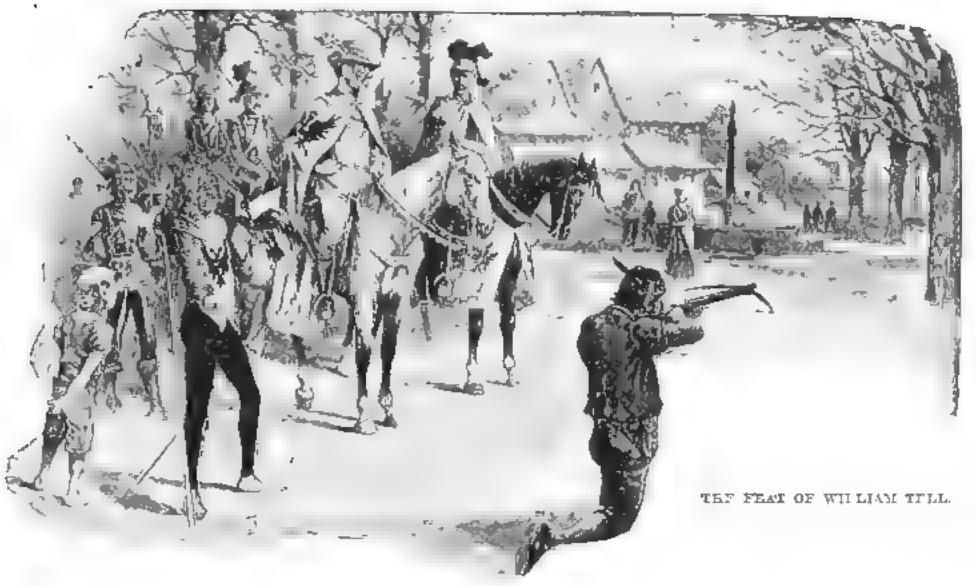
C. B. Fry.

A LAY OF LOOT.

BY FRED GILLETT.

TOM was a warrior,
Glad or sorry, or
Dull or funny,
This tale he told.
"Sir, I flatter me,
My anatomy
Aches of money.
I've sampled gold
Once too many! My
Friend the enemy
Found our cavalry
Drawn in line.
Saying, 'That'll con-
Clude the battle,' con-
Cealed by gravel, re-
Cessed a mine

With rapidity,
Rammed with lyddity,
Backed by dynamite—
Bang! Untold
Showers of nuggets bu'st.
(They had dug it just
Where a miner might
Dig for gold.)
Gold made quite a fuss,
Left and right of us,
Front and middle!
We set our lips,
Charged to glory, sir—
That's my story, sir,
How I'm riddled
With golden chips!"



THE FEAT OF WILLIAM TELL.

THE ART OF TAKING AIM

Illustrated by Frank Feller.

THE ART of aiming and hitting, sometimes called marksmanship, is natural to mankind, and is "as old as the hills." That was "a decided hit" of the stripling David, when he "chose five smooth stones out of the brook," and with one of them, deftly flung from a sling, laid low the giant Philistine, Goliath of Gath. Stone-throwing has been practised by striplings ever since. Though a very primitive method of attack, the sling was used by soldiers for many centuries. Virgil, as versified by Dryden, tells us that

> The Tuscan King
> Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling.

Amongst the most famous slingers were the inhabitants of the Balearic Isles, and it is recorded of them that they were able to sling stones with such force, that no armour was proof against their blows, while their aim was unerring. They usually carried three slings, one tied round the head, another fastened to the girdle, and the third twisted round the right wrist. These world renowned warriors were ambidexterous, and were quite as skilful with the left hand as they were with the right. This dexterity, or rather ambidexterity, was acquired by every-day practice, even from early childhood; for, while quite youngsters, they had to sling down their daily bread from the tops of high poles, where their parents put it, and the children only got what they brought down by their accurate slinging.

Archery succeeded slinging, and every young Englishman in the days of Edward III. was the owner of a bow of his own height. Usually it was made of yew. The string was of gut, horsehair, hemp, or silk, and occasionally of women's hair, plaited or spun. The arrow was exactly half the length of the bow. It was dressed with three feathers, two of which were plucked from a gander, and the other from a goose. Practice at the butts was constant, and it was considered disgraceful to shoot at less than 220 yards. When perfection at that distance had been attained, practice at the popinjay was permitted. A favourite but certainly cruel pastime was to catch a goose, put it in a hole, and cover it with turf. Then, as the poor bird broke out of its prison, it was shot at till killed.

INDIAN ARCHERS TARGET SHOOTING AT FULL GALLOP.

The longest bow-and-arrow shot on record was made by a Lancashire toxopholite, and he, in three flights, covered a mile, being about 587 yards for each arrow.

Edward III. was an ardent archer, and enjoyed attending the shooting matches. It was at a meeting of this kind near Nottingham that three famous archers shot before the King. The marks were two hazel rods set up at twenty-score paces. At the first flight

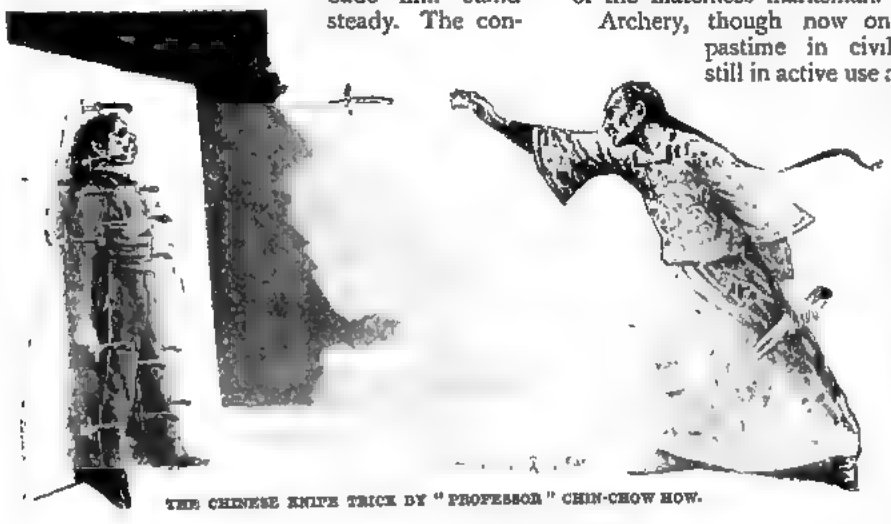
> Cloudesley with a bearing arrow
> Clave the wand in two.

The champion archer then called his little boy and tied him to a stake, and, placing an apple on his head, turned his face away and bade him stand steady. The confident father then stepped out six-score paces from the stake, and, bidding the mazed spectators be silent, he drew his bow, and as the old ballad says:—

> Then Cloudesley cleft the apple in two,
> As many a man might see.
> "The gods forbid it," said the King,
> "That you should shoot at me."

This pleasant little tale reads very like the familiar Swiss legend of William Tell, but both the English and the Swiss versions were current about the same time, and probably both originated in the still older Scandinavian fable of the matchless marksman.

Archery, though now only practised as a pastime in civilised countries, is still in active use amongst the savage tribes of Africa and India. A favourite amusement with them is to shoot at a target while galloping past it, and the more skilful of them will put three out of four shots in the bull's-eye.



THE CHINESE KNIFE TRICK BY "PROFESSOR" CHIN-CHOW HOW.

A famous music-hall performance is that of "Professor" Chin-Chow-How, the

"BUFFALO BILL" SHOOTING AT GLASS BALLS.

far-famed Chinese juggler. He aims with murderous-looking knives at a boy who stands against a wooden target, into which the knives are cleverly stuck all round, but without touching the half-scared boy.

"Buffalo Bill," in his "Wild West" show, made us familiar with horseback shooting; but he used a gun and fired at glass balls or oranges which were thrown up by a young lady, also on horseback. Colonel Cody has had many imitators apparently quite as skilful, but there is a good deal of trickery in some of these performances. Of course, if bullets are used, the feat of breaking ten out of a dozen balls would be really wonderful; but if cartridges made up to look like bullets, but which are really filled with small shot, are used, there is nothing very marvellous in the performance.

When Dr. Carver, the once renowned American sharp-shooter, was in England, some years ago, he attracted a good deal of attention by the astonishing way in which he broke a hundred little glass globes in as many shots; but when the doctor tried his hand against the crack shots at a Wimbledon prize meeting, he was simply nowhere.

The Ambidexterous Pistoller is a gentleman who, shooting first with one hand and then with the other, will put a dozen bullets successively into a visiting card at a distance of about ten yards.

Have you ever tried to "ring a stick"? Lit by a flaming naphtha lamp, there is a stall, which looks like an overgrown umbrella stand, full of walking sticks of all kinds. At these a man is throwing wooden rings, about as large as those used for cornice poles. These are supplied by the proprietor of the stall at six a penny. The skill of the thrower is shown by his pitching the rings on to the handles of the sticks. If you ring a stick, it is yours. When you have got the knack of aiming accurately you can get one ring on out of three, and then the proprietor usually suggests that you should "give some other bloke a turn!"

Cock-shies at cocoa-nuts is a healthier amusement, because it must take place in an open space, and if on the sands at the seaside it is healthful and invigorating. The odds are in favour of the nuts, but recently a gentleman, who was showing his boy how to aim at them, took a nut with every ball, till the owner,

THE BACK POSITION.

The renowned marksman, Farquharson, shooting at Wimbledon.

looking very glum, said, "You don't want to bu'st up a poor man, do you?" The winner only took one nut, though he had won eighteen, and was at once proclaimed "a real ge'mman; one of the right sort."

Of pea-shooters and catapults the less said the better, unless it be by way of depreciation. By their admirers they may be looked upon as merely harmless toys; but, on the other hand, they may be used in many dangerous ways, and are, therefore, very properly proscribed by the police regulations.

Amongst the oddest of odd shots was undoubtedly the man who amused Henry VIII. by making some marvellous scores with a bow and arrow while standing on one leg, the other being stretched across his breast. He was known henceforth as "Foot-in-Bosom." But this odd picture has been quite eclipsed in modern times by the renowned marksman, Farquharson, who, some years ago, at a Wimbledon meeting, startled the shooting world by firing his rifle while lying on his back. He made such marvellous scores, and won so many prizes, that the novel position was not only practised by most marksmen, but now the posture is actually taught as part of the musketry instruction in the regular army. In all-comers' contests, where any "position" is permitted, the competitors often assume it with marked success.

The prone position, being the steadiest, is generally chosen for sighting rifles, and the pool ranges at Bisley are always fully occupied for this purpose. It often requires several shots to find the bull; but as the entries are only limited by the length of the marksman's purse, he keeps on paying his shilling till he gets the correct elevation, and finds the allowance to be made for that *bête noir* of the rifleman—a "fish-tail" wind.

The value of the bulls'-eyes made at pool varies with the weather, being, perhaps, five shillings in fine weather, and as many pounds in bad. The whole of the entries, less 25 per cent. deducted by the National Rifle Association, is divided amongst the makers of bull's-eyes, and paid in cash the next morning.

SWISS SHOOTING FOR PRIZES.

Half a century ago the Swiss had the reputation of being the most famous shots in the world, and it was not surprising that they should have been tempted by the splendid shooting prizes offered at the first Wimbledon meeting to turn up in large numbers. That notable meeting of July, 1860, attracted marksmen from all parts of the world; but only four or five of the Swiss were able to hold their own against our volunteers, though these were but novices at rifle shooting. The Switzers took a few prizes at the shorter ranges, but were completely beaten at the longer distances.

Nevertheless, the Swiss are still famous shots,

and love rifle shooting, and on Sundays, in the summer-time, they may be seen in every village shooting for prizes, and the valleys re-echo with the "ping" of the rifle bullet on the old-fashioned iron targets, which they still prefer to the canvas substitutes which we use.

Their neighbours, the Tyrolese, are almost as good marksmen, and take as great a pride in teaching their children the art of shooting. They may be seen winter and summer in the mountains, snugly perched on some crag of porphyry or dolomite, attended by a youngster who watches with eager earnestness and evident delight the result of his father's effort to knock over a capering wild goat half a mile away.

TYROLESE MARKSMEN.

There is only one other foreign sharp-shooter about whom we propose to say a word, and that is the Boer of South Africa. Rorke's Drift and Majuba Hill told us only too well of their skill as sharp-shooters, and even at the present moment we are learning still more of the ability of the Boer as a marksman. Boers generally ride from farm to farm armed with a good rifle, carrying a well-filled bandoleer, ready to bring down any big game they may come across, and this constant practice makes them the sure shots they undoubtedly are.

HOW THE BOER BECOMES A MARKSMAN.

The Anonymous Editor.

Being the story of a School Magazine.

BY

THE REV. J. HUDSON, M.A

Sketches by T. W. Holmes.

BRETON COLLEGE is one of the largest and most famous of the public schools of England.

I could tell you of its royal foundation, its princely benefactors, its noble pile of buildings, and of its many *alumni* distinguished in Church and State.

It is, however, to one little incident only in the chequered history of its annals that I am about to refer—an incident that caused immense excitement at the time, and will be readily recalled by any "old boy" whose eyes should happen to fall upon these lines. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any school ever had a bigger sensation, while it lasted, than that caused by the sudden disappearance of the celebrated school magazine called the *Round Table*.

The regular school magazine, the *Bretonian*, was a highly respectable journal, but undeniably dull; by the mass of the boys it was never read at all.

The term before that in which the events I am about to describe occurred, a new school paper had most mysteriously made its appearance. It was called the *Round Table*. The only names that appeared at the foot of any of the articles were the romantic names of four of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

No one knew whence it emanated; no one knew the editor; no one could identify any of the contributors, though it was evident to all that the writers were moving in our very midst, from their intimate knowledge of the minutest affairs of school life.

From the moment of its first appearance it proved an extraordinary and unprecedented success.

This was largely due to its sheer audacity. From its titled cover, bearing the motto, "*Bretons never shall be slaves*," to its last page, it was certainly no respecter of persons. It was marked by caustic wit and satire, by impertinent personalities, and, I am sorry to add, by an extreme disregard for truth. Its correspondence columns discussed in the most free-and-easy way the hardship of sundry school rules, the lamentable quality of the grub, and the general idiocy of masters. Things that no one would have dreamed of sending to the *Bretonian* were unblushingly inserted in the *Round Table*.

The paper was clever, personal, and sarcastic; it spared no one, from "the Rev. the Head Master," as he liked himself to be styled, to the humble boots-boy. All were indiscriminately lampooned in its scathing columns. It was illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches, rude enough from an artistic point of view, but highly facetious and effective.

Respectable masters found their little oddities of speech or manner exaggerated and ridiculed, and masters' wives found themselves associated with the latest craze in rational, or irrational, costume.

LE MAISTRE, EDITOR OF THE "ROUND TABLE."

In vain was it that the school authorities made the most strenuous efforts to ascertain the names of the authors. Breton had a peculiar code of honour all its own. A master was not supposed to put a general question — Does anyone know any thing of this?—at least he must certainly not expect an answer. A master must have strong suspicions, and make those suspicions a certainty, before he might tackle any boy with being the culprit. This was a system almost peculiar to the school itself; no doubt it was carried too far, but I am only concerned to state the fact, because it explains why, to boys and masters alike, the identity of the staff remained so long a mystery.

Everybody began to look forward to the fortnightly appearance of the *Round Table*—some with lively anticipations of amusement, others with feelings the very reverse. Everybody admitted that the *Round Table* was "bad form," and so everybody bought it to see how bad it was. No one knew whether his own name might not be the next to appear in some unflattering connection in its irreverent columns.

Such, then, was the magazine that suffered a sudden collapse in the very hey-day of its pride and prosperity.

The staff of the *Round Table* consisted of five boys: Le Maistre, editor and chief manager—a boy of brilliant abilities (as his subsequent career proved) but misdirected energies, Russell and myself of the Upper Fifth, and Wright and Proctor (two of the most mischievous fellows that ever breathed) of the Shell.

One column of the journal was entirely devoted to school scandal, and it usually fell to my lot to concoct the requisite amount of "copy" under this heading.

We started our venture with one object—namely, to make it pay. Literary ambition, in any true sense of the term, we had none. A certain amount of amusement we no doubt extracted, and we were proud of its notoriety. We also managed to pay off a few scores by pillorying anybody who had offended us, but its financial success was our main concern, and to this we sacrificed everything, including truth.

PUBLISHING OFFICE OF THE "ROUND TABLE."

We were all of us short of pocket money till we hit upon this very lucky speculation, and it was indeed for a short time a veritable gold mine to us. We originally published the magazine at the modest price of a penny, but now that it had fairly established its position we were about to raise the price when the great catastrophe occurred.

For the first term, and a part of the second, did the school authorities put up with our paper. Whatever they thought of it they affected to ignore its existence. But, whether because familiarity bred contempt, or we really imagined ourselves unassailable, "the pen of a ready writer" began to indite paragraphs that it became impossible to ignore. At last a number appeared containing some severe strictures on the head master's grandmotherly

WRIGHT.

government, and a ballad (based upon one of Horace's odes) addressed to the senior mathematical master's wife, who affected a juvenile manner, but was known to be well stricken in years. And this issue of the magazine proved the last straw.

The first step the authorities took was to threaten Bell, our local publisher, with legal proceedings unless he divulged the editor's name. This he flatly refused to do, but Le Maistre, who had a high sense of honour, determined to give himself up on condition that the names of his colleagues should not be disclosed, and that the publisher should not suffer. His terms were accepted, and his friends found it convenient to withdraw him from the school—at any rate, *pro tem.*

We wanted to surrender our names and share his punishment, but this he generously forbade. The masters were, however, making great efforts to discover us, and we shrewdly suspected that if detected we would suffer a similar fate.

Such was the state of affairs when one morning I received a letter in a handwriting unknown to me, and bearing the London post-mark. On opening it, I read as follows :—

"THIS IS VERY QUEER, RUSSELL. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?"

DEAR SIR,—As I am well aware that I am addressing the gentleman that used to write for the *Round Table* under *nom de plume* of "Geraint," and have also learnt of the unfortunate suppression of that journal, I beg to make you the following offer:—

I propose to bring out a new magazine, identical in character with the *Round Table*, to be called the *Phœnix*—a very appropriate title for a magazine which may be said to rise from the ashes of the old.

As, however, your late venture has come to grief simply because it was published by a bookseller in Breton itself, whose living depends on the school patronage, and who is therefore in the power of the school authorities, I intend to issue the *Phœnix* on a different plan.

It will be sold in Breton, but published in London, by a man whose name shall be known to no one but myself, and though I must necessarily know your names, it may, perhaps, be safer for you not to know mine. I will pay you and your colleagues at the usual rate of a guinea a column for your contributions. No one can possibly be held responsible for the magazine except the publisher and myself. If you think the idea a good one, kindly send me as soon as possible two columns of "Gossip," of the same kind as that contributed to the *Round Table*, and sign it with your former *nom de plume*, "Geraint." I will send you a cheque by return of post.

Address your MSS. to: "Editor, X.Y.Z., 269, Commercial Road, London, E."

I have every reason to think that the resuscitation of the magazine in this way will prove a great financial success, while securing you from all risk.—Yours very sincerely,

A. B., *pro* THE ANONYMOUS EDITOR.

J. H., Esq.,
Breton College, Blankshire.

I had scarcely finished the perusal of this strange epistle, when Russell, my class-mate and late collaborateur, entered my study. He had received a letter exactly the same as mine, and the writer knew both his real name and his late *nom de plume*.

"This is very queer, Russell," said I. "What do you make of it?"

"I don't know," he said, "unless, indeed, old Le Maistre is at the bottom of it. You see, our correspondent knows our names, and what we each wrote. Yes, I verily believe either Le Maistre is going to start the paper again himself, and is taking these precautions to secure us, or else he is getting someone else to do the editing business, so that he can plead 'Not guilty' to that if the Head should make inquiries, and we can also say we know nothing about it."

"I believe that's about the ticket," said I, "but we'll first see Wright and Proctor."

It transpired that they also had received letters similar in every respect to our own, mentioning their *noms de plume*, and asking them to supply to the new magazine matter similar to that contributed to the old, and sign their names as before. We all of us therefore concluded that Le Maistre, our late chief, was the originator. At the same time it might be a hoax.

We finally came to this conclusion: that we would write articles for the first number, but if

the promised cheques were not forthcoming we would simply let the whole thing drop. As the paper was to be edited and published in London, the Breton authorities would have little chance of spotting us, except by intercepting our letters, and we would take good care they did not do this. Altogether the temptation to earn a couple of guineas a week was too great for a poverty-stricken school-boy.

We accordingly arranged that Russell was to slate the head master on the old question of the food supply (I may add that he did it most effectually, anathematising the "junk," and hinting in the same breath at the scarcity of cats and the prevalence of sausages in the school neighbourhood); Wright was to burlesque the sermon-style of the Fourth Form master, who in a chapel homily had once informed the boys that they came to service "borne upon the shoulders of a surging mob"; Proctor was to write a parody-poem on the matron, a very irascible old dame; and I was to send a couple of columns of "gossip" as before.

Here are one or two specimens of my "gossip" contributions:—

The master of the Third Form is trying that familiar experiment known as "raising a moustache!" Whether it is due to the natural sterility of the soil, or to his using a bad top-dressing, we do not know, but the crop does not promise to be a very luxuriant one.

The Rev. W. D., our well-known historian, was seen in the holidays at Ascot. He appeared to be enjoying the races immensely, and was laying heavy odds on his favourite!

The Fourth Form are having an easy time this term; they are reading a very difficult classical author, but the master one day accidentally left his crib on the desk, and the form has appropriated it, and now use it regularly. Mr M. is ashamed to ask for it back. We are reminded of the old saying: "The ass knoweth his master's crib."

A curiosity may be seen in the study of Greene mi! The beef (familiarly known as junk) which forms the *pièce de resistance* at Friday's dinner is so tough that this enterprising youth has got the school carpenter to carve a bit of the said junk into the shape of an antique snuff-box, as a memento of Breton.

PROCTOR.

We hear that our eminent German Professor, Herr Shwiller-Shwaller, whose amazing rotundity has long been a source of serious anxiety to his friends, is going to abjure lager beer, and try a course of vegetarianism, teetotalism, and anti-fat. We hope that his nose will soon resume its normal colour.

Most of my paragraphs had a substratum of truth, covered over with glaring exaggerations and distortions. Anyhow, fact or fiction, they were sufficiently objectionable to cause great annoyance to the parties concerned.

We all of us sent our scurrilous compositions to the address given—and waited.

RUSSELL.

A few days passed, but we none of us received the promised remittance, nor any acknowledgment of our MSS. We therefore came to the conclusion that it was either the trick of some unscrupulous London journalist to get "copy" gratis, or else that our anonymous friend had not yet secured a publisher, or that publication was delayed. So we decided not to write anything more, but to let the matter drop.

A few more days passed, when, coming in one day from the river, I received an urgent message requesting my immediate presence in the head master's study. I proceeded thither, and was somewhat surprised to find amongst the waiters in the ante-room my three friends—Russell, Wright, and Proctor.

I began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, for though half-a-dozen likely enough reasons occurred to me why my presence and that of my friends should be requested (we none of us being immaculate characters), yet I could not get rid of the disagreeable conviction that the wretched *Round Table* was really at the bottom of it.

The boys were called in one by one; most of their cases were very trivial—lateness, laziness, etc.—and were very summarily disposed of.

When all were dismissed our four names were called out, and we all walked in together.

The Rev. the Head Master sat at his usual desk, with thunder on his brow, the Rev. W. D. on his right, and on his left a stranger with an eye like a gimlet.

There was an ominous silence for a minute while the Head glared at us through his glasses. Then he fixed the eye of scorn upon me, and bellowed out:—

"Is this your handwriting, sir?" at the same time handing me a document which seemed unpleasantly familiar.

I looked at it, and, to my horror, discovered it was the identical MS. of gossip I had confidingly sent to the anonymous editor of the *Phœnix*.

The Rev. W. D. was purple with rage, and, looking at me as if he were going to have an apoplectic fit. Evidently the allusion to Ascot had hurt the old boy's feelings.

"IS THIS YOUR HANDWRITING, SIR?"

I saw at once the game was up, and denial useless; so, with as much calmness as I could assume, I confessed that I had written the lines before me.

"Very well, sir," went on the head master, waxing eloquent in his ire, "then I have good reason to believe that, under the name of 'Geraint,' you contributed similar lying and libellous rubbish to that detestable and despicable periodical, now happily defunct, called the *Round Table*."

The Head was simply gorgeous in his grandiloquence when once his temper was roused.

I briefly replied that I *had* contributed articles under such a *nom de guerre* to the paper indicated.

"And *you*, sir," quoth the angry pedagogue, facing round to Russell, "*are you*, or are you *not*, the author of this degrading and dastardly diatribe on the wholesome and adequate diet provided in this establishment?"

As he spoke he thrust a sheet of foolscap right under Russell's nose, on which I just caught a glimpse of the words "junk" and "sausages."

"I am," briefly replied Russell.

"Very well; then you are also, I infer, the author of similar fictitious falsehoods and abominable fabrications that have appeared in the *Round Table* above the signature of 'Lancelot'?"

"Yes, sir," said Russell.

"And you, misguided Wright, I think concocted this profane production, ridiculing the pulpit utterances of your worthy preceptor? I thought so. Then you are also the compiler of similar shameless scurrility, signed 'Merlin,' in the wretched print I have just referred to?"

Wright, of course, assented.

"And you, Proctor, I need not say, are responsible for the vulgar ditties and doggerel, which, under the profaned name of poetry, and sheltered by the knightly name of 'Sir Galahad,' you have put forth to outrage all our feelings?"

Proctor was fain to admit the soft impeachment.

"You may go now," he concluded; "I have nothing more to say to you at present. My next words to you will be to-morrow morning in the presence of the whole school."

With beating hearts, and fearing the worst, we filed out of that awful chamber, wondering how the Head had got hold of our manuscripts, and

forgiving the "Anonymous Editor" for not having sent us money, seeing he had evidently never received our compositions.

We speculated also as to our doom. We could hardly doubt that we would share Le Maistre's fate, and expulsion would entail serious consequences for some of us. We might even have to submit to the indignity of a flogging as well. I am not sure we would not have forestalled our sentence and run away, but (fortunately, as events turned out) we were short of cash, owing to the non-arrival of payment from the Anonymous Editor.

Anyhow, all four of us endured agonies of suspense during the rest of that day.

However, no harsh measures were resorted to. More prudent and tolerant counsels prevailed.

Probably on calm consideration the head master reflected that, if we were expelled, some of our parents might take the case to the *Times*, and such a correspondence would bring the school into unenviable notoriety; it would tend to keep alive a scandal which it were best to consign to speedy oblivion.

DETECTIVE HEWITT

Consequently, the next day the head master harangued the school in his usual dignified way. The gist of his remarks was that, in consideration of an apology from the guilty members, and an assurance that no such amateur editorship should be again attempted, nothing more would be said about the matter.

We gladly gave the required assurance, and so the *Round Table* was finally broken up. No number of the *Phœnix* ever appeared.

Le Maistre was received back again in our midst, and, after a brilliant school and university career, is now the editor of one of our leading reviews, and has made his mark.

He had had nothing to do with our anonymous communications, and could not help us to a clue.

The mystery remained unsolved all the rest of our school-days and for some time after; but one day, many years after I had left Cambridge, happening to require the services of a skilled detective, I paid a visit to Scotland Yard.

I was introduced to Detective Hewitt as the smartest man in the force. His face and lynx-like eyes seemed familiar, and I was puzzling my brains to think when and where I could have seen him before, when it suddenly flashed upon me that he was the stranger who had stood at the head master's left hand in that study scene of our school-days.

I interrogated him, and then the whole truth was brought to light.

The school authorities, having utterly failed to discover the names of the staff of contributors to the *Round Table*, simply put the matter into the hands of the police. Detective Hewitt set to work at once, and speedily got into his clutches a poor little printer's apprentice, in Bell the bookseller's employ, who was commissioned to bring proofs to our studies in play hours.

By bribes or threats he extorted from the trembling urchin our real names, and the fictitious signatures we adopted.

This would have been quite enough really to bring us to book. But the detective was a safe man, and wanted to have a clear case.

He knew that if we chose to deny it, and if our parents or solicitors took up the case, the evidence of a frightened child would not be sufficient to convict us. So he returned to town, and wrote to each of us the seductive epistle which lured us to his trap.

Concluding that money was a consideration to us, he pandered to our greed and vanity, with only too successful results. The *Phœnix* existed only in his fertile imagination, and Detective Hewitt was himself "The Anonymous Editor."

SOME HUNTING STORIES.

Illustrated by Harrington Bird.

A DELIGHTFUL volume is "The History of the Belvoir Hunt" ("Belvoir" is pronounced "Beevor," by the way), dealing, as it does, with the family history and the fox-hunting of the Dukes of Rutland. The author—the Rev. T. F. Dale, M.A.—has some excellent tales to relate, and improves the occasion by showing what a marked effect hunting has had on the English character.

It was a fortunate day for fox-hunting when the Manners family left the historic beauties of Hadden House (in Derbyshire) for the more modern magnificence of Belvoir (in Leicestershire). For a family, indeed, to whom the chase is a favourite recreation, Belvoir has an unrivalled situation. From the towers and terraces of the castle, woods and plains, tillage and pasture, in short, almost every variety of hunting country may be viewed. . . . The follower of the Belvoir hounds may one day hear the immemorial woodlands ring with the note of the horn and the melody of the hounds, and on the next may see the flying pack race over the Leicestershire pastures, while on the third he may set his teeth and sit down in his saddle . . . while the pack works out the line over the stiff fences and across the deep ploughs of Lincolnshire. . . . Our great English families have been marked by a taste for the chase which, in its pleasures and hardships, its joys and its disappointments, is a great school for the leaders of men.

So Mr. Dale. To estimate aright the effect of hunting on politics and society would, as he remarks, be a task not unworthy of some grave historian in the future. Meanwhile it may well be admitted that since the middle of the eighteenth century the pastime has exercised a very marked influence on our social and national fabric.

CLEARED THE RIVER SWIFT, NINE YARDS WIDE.

The chase of the stag, which had necessarily been confined to great nobles, gradually gave way to the hunting of the fox, and with the change of the beast of chase came the alteration from an aristocratic and exclusive sport to one popular and democratic in character. The hunting-field, owing to the natural love of Englishmen for sport, has reflected faithfully the gradations of the social changes that have passed over England, and has probably not been without its influence in bringing about those changes. The equality and the courtesies of the hunting-field have hindered the growth of that

democratic jealousy which, for all her legends of equality, divides France by so much bitterer a class feeling than any which exists in England to-day. . . . It was at Belvoir that Disraeli learned to understand and respect that English aristocracy which he had in his very early life been somewhat inclined to despise, and though he does make Sidonia win a steeplechase on an Arab (!), he really gained at Belvoir some grasp of the interest and importance of fox-hunting as a factor in our national life.

Though now debarred by growing years from doing more than joining a meet at the covert side, the Prince of Wales used to be an active follower of the chase at Belvoir, and his Royal Highness "has probably not forgotten the gallop in which he jumped over a prostrate farmer, nor has the characteristic kindly courtesy with which he pulled up and returned to apologise been forgotten either." It is just one hundred years since the father of the present Duke of Rutland came of age, and £60,000 were spent on the consequent festivities. The struggle with France "stimulated Englishmen of all classes to take part in manly exercises, and thus favoured the rise of fox-hunting," so that the fifth duke, who was an ardent devotee of the sport, gave 800 guineas for a hunter which is said to have cleared the "River Swift, nine yards wide!" and a succeeding duke swashed and swam through canals and streams which he could not jump.

During his younger days he jumped the Croxton Park wall on the south side of the park, not far from the race-stand, the wall being over 5ft. high, with a considerable drop. He also jumped the River Witham, between Great Ponton and Grantham, at a very wide place, and Lord Forester, seeing him do it, shouted to his brother, Henry Forester: "Now then, lad, why don't you follow him?" The duke also swam the Nottingham and Grantham Canal on horseback, and had great difficulty in getting his horse out, the banks being boggy and rotten; and once, while jumping in Lincolnshire, he had the misfortune to jump a fence near a pond on a hard-pulling horse, which, before he could stop him, rushed madly into the pond. Both horse and rider were nearly drowned, and were extricated with much difficulty, covered with black mud.

No wonder that, with such a cross-country training in riding, a scion of this family, Lord Charles Manners, when surprised by a squadron of French lancers in the Peninsula, gave the spurs to his Leicestershire mare, and dashed across a ravine "somewhat broader than the full breadth of the Whissendine," landing safely on the other side, amid a volley of threats and *sacré*-ings from his baffled pursuers. Here is a feat, too, which recalls the riding of Zieten, Frederick of Prussia's great cavalry leader, between the arms of a windmill in brisk motion:—

On one occasion, when we had found a fox, and had just got him away, there happened to be a man ploughing with a team of three horses, which, of course, would cover a considerable space of ground. A young man, who was, I conclude, unable in the crowd of horses to steer clear of the ploughman, rode his horse at full gallop between two of the horses that were attached to the plough, jumping the chains and fortunately doing no harm.

SNATCHED THE WEAPON AWAY FROM HIM.

It was to the Belvoir Hunt and its wonderful runs that the adjacent Melton owed the impetus which has now made it what it is:—

It was not, however, the country so much as the hounds and huntsmen (at Belvoir) that attracted men, and many, too, who did not belong to the regular Melton set were drawn by the courteous rule of the castle to take their pleasure in the hunting field with the Belvoir instead of the Quorn. For while the latter hunt is an exotic, the Belvoir may truly be said to be an indigenous plant . . . causing Melton to grow and expand into an important town from the insignificant village it was till fox-hunting became the sport of princes.

The sport attracted such celebrities as the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Empress of Austria, and other foreign magnates, of one of whom the following story is told: In the course of a run in the sixth duke's time (1863), it was found that a man had shot the fox just in front of the pack, and concealed it in a hovel hard by. The duke at once rode up to

the man, and demanded instantaneous delivery of the fox. But the man refused, and a short struggle took place, which ended in both rolling over, with the duke on the top.

In the meantime a Spanish count, seeing that the farmer still retained his gun, jumped off his horse and snatched the weapon away from him, for which he got some kudos, as the gun might have gone off and caused an accident. The duke, having got the better of the tussle, jumped up quickly, opened the door of the building, and took out the dead body of the fox, which he handed over at once to the huntsman and told him to give it to the hounds, which was done immediately, nearly the whole field being present by that time. The count then came up to His Grace with the gun, and said to him, "What shall we do with the gun, my lord? Shall we shoot him?" (meaning the offender). This, of course, caused great amusement and shouts of "No, no! Put the gun into a wet ditch." The count seemed to have been much disappointed at this, and remarked, "We should have made away with him in my country."

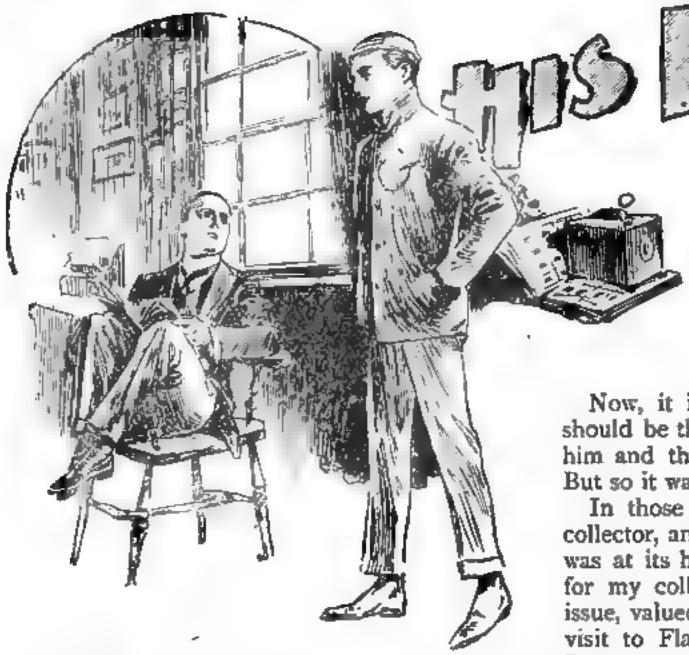
It was under this duke that the Belvoir Kennels acquired such a renown for the unrivalled excellence of their inmates, which were all characterised by such a strong family resemblance that a distinguished visitor said: "What is the use of bringing me to see these hounds? I cannot tell one from the other." Perhaps the most interesting part of this volume to the hunting man proper will be the letters which the duke addressed from time to time to his famous huntsman, Jem Cooper—a native of Portsoy, near Banff, and a worthy successor to the equally renowned Will Goodall—on the breeding and perfection of his hounds; letters distinguished by a dignified familiarity of tone and by a constant solicitude for his dogs, such as was shown by Shylock for his ducats and his daughter. But there came a time towards the end of this duke's reign, in 1888, when the Belvoir Hunt ceased, to some extent, to be what it had hitherto been. The truth is that the duke was no longer able out of his own purse to "stand the racket" of the hunt, and, not without reluctance, he was compelled to accept a subscription of £1,500 a year from the Lincolnshire side of his country. This was one result of the agricultural depression, which came as a great blow to all the old territorial houses.

For it not only crippled their means, but weakened and destroyed the class of squires, farmers, and yeomen who were their natural supporters, and the foundation on which rested much of their power and influence in the State, besides clearing the country districts of the younger labourers, for whom the towns had, and still have, a fatal attraction. This change naturally affected fox-hunting. The Belvoir Hunt was no longer the duke going out for his pleasure and sharing it with his friends and neighbours and their guests, but in addition a mob in scarlet and black, not unwilling to ride over both hounds and huntsmen, if they did not get out of the way. From all parts of the kingdom and of the world that field was gathered, and a Croxton Park assemblage on a Wednesday became one of the sights of the world.

The present duke, more familiarly known by his former title of Lord John Manners—the first of our statesmen to advocate national holidays—resolved to give up the sole responsibility for the hounds in 1896, while still retaining possession of the priceless family pack under another master, a state of things which causes Mr. Dale to conclude:—

> The closing scenes may give rise to a sigh for the country life of England, passing away from us, perhaps, for ever. Yet, though we cannot stay the movement, which is sweeping away so much that is beautiful and picturesque from our midst, we cannot but look back on the life and sports of a day that is past with a pleasure largely mingled with regret at the inevitable change.

But even if this country life, of which Belvoir was for so long the lordly and magnificent centre, does pass away, posterity will be able to form a very vivid idea of its charms from Mr. Dale's volume, which, with its extracts from other cognate works, its racy narrative, its hunting songs and ballads, its portraits, maps, and photographs, will form a mine of material to the future Macaulay or the future Buckle.



His First Case

By John Patrick

Illustrated by Ivester Lloyd.

It was during one summer term that my chum and study mate, Wilson, developed a bad attack of detective fever. "Sherlock Holmes" was the cause; and who hasn't suffered from the same complaint after reading the adventures of that remarkable person?

The book was a birthday present from his sister, and it was not long before Wilson had (as our house master, Mr. Ashman, put it) "Sherlock Holmes on the brain." When asked, during a history lesson, "Who won the Battle of Waterloo?" he promptly replied: "Sherlock Holmes, sir"; and for the life of him he could not discover why the class laughed. Eventually he announced to the whole school that he had started in business as a private investigator, and would be pleased to clear up any mysteries that might exist.

Being his chum, I had tried to persuade him from taking this step, partly because, although he was a good cricketer, he had got into the habit of "cutting" practice since the arrival of that mischief-working book, and the eleven had suffered accordingly. In the match with Warwick House he went in with thoughts of Sherlock Holmes uppermost in his mind, with the result that he was cleaned bowled first ball, and we lost the match by twenty runs.

Now, it is a remarkable coincidence that I should be the only person to remonstrate with him and the first to entrust him with a case. But so it was, and it came about in this way.

In those days I was an enthusiastic stamp collector, and just when Wilson's detective fever was at its height I was lucky enough to secure for my collection a New Zealand penny first issue, valued at 30s. Well, on returning from a visit to Flaxbourne on Wednesday afternoon, I encountered Mr. Ashman, who was also a collector, in the corridor.

"You've got a first issue penny, I believe?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"I'd like very much to examine it; there's just time before 'call-over.'"

Two minutes later I was turning over the leaves of my album. When I reached the New Zealand portion I uttered an exclamation of surprise, for the valuable stamp was gone. Half of the mount was still adhering to the page, but where was the stamp? I was positive that it was in the album when I went out. Then the truth began to dawn upon me. Someone had entered the study while I had been in town, and had stolen the stamp!

Well, what must Ashman do but report the affair to the Head, who got us all in the big class-room next morning, and gave us a nice little lecture. He said the honour of the school was at stake, and that the theft reflected to a great degree on all those present. Then he offered to deal leniently with the culprit if he would stand up and confess. As there was no answer to this he continued at some length, and then dismissed us.

When I entered my study after morning school I found Wilson sitting at the table, poring over "Sherlock Holmes."

"I say, Pat," he began, as I entered, "what's all this row about a stamp being stolen? I hope you'll let me investigate the case for you."

I jumped at the offer, and told him the particulars.

He was silent for a few moments, and then began to cross-question me. When I had answered about twenty queries he discovered something which he said would help him a little. This was the fact that the stamp was not a perfect specimen, for a small piece of the left-hand top corner had been torn off.

During the next three days, however, he began to realise that the way of a private investigator was not the path of roses he had imagined, for during that short space of time he had to go through no less than four pugilistic encounters, all of which were the outcome of asking impertinent questions as to the whereabouts of certain boys on the afternoon of the theft.

However, he survived all this, and one evening a week later he came into the study with the "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" and a small parcel under his arm. I groaned as I noticed the title of the new book, and began to wonder what the parcel contained.

Having placed the book carefully on a shelf along with a number of others, he sat down opposite me and slowly began to untie the parcel. It contained a packet of sensitised paper and a photographic printing frame. This latter he opened and took out a piece of paper, which he handed to me. A glance was sufficient to show that it was *a photograph*—or, rather, a "shadowgraph"—*of the missing stamp*.

"I've got on the right track at last," he said, in reply to my inquiring look; "but where the aforesaid track leads to I'm hanged if I know! Look here, Pat, I've come to a full stop, and I've half a mind to chuck the whole business."

"How's that, Ted?" I asked.

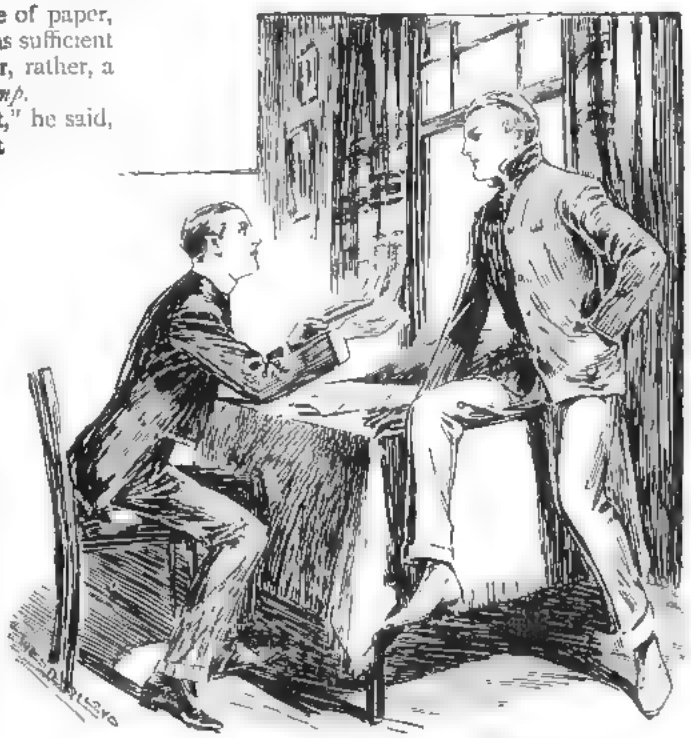
"Well, I'll explain everything, if you'll agree to listen."

"Fire away!" I said.

"Well," he began, "it's this way. I hunted about for a couple of days without doing any good. Then chance threw a clue in my way—you know they say chance is the greatest detective, and I believe it's true. Anyway, as I was going along the corridor on Friday evening I came across this printing frame, and on picking it up I found this photo of your stamp in it. Next I noticed this packet of printing-out paper. Now, instead of leaving these alone, and watching to see who they belonged to, what must I do, fool that I am, but bring them along here? You chanced to be out, so I could examine them in peace. No insinuations intended, old man.

"What I wanted to find out was who owned the frame and printing paper, for should I succeed in doing this, I would, in all probability, have the thief. Firstly, I examined the frame, but could discover nothing likely to be of any use, so I turned my attention to the packet of P.O.P. Here I had better luck; for, as you can see, there is a blue stamp in one of the corners, which reads:—'Suckling's Photographic Supply Depôt, Flaxbourne.'

"Well, after this, I began to think I was Sherlock Holmes the second; so I walked down to Flaxbourne on Saturday afternoon and interviewed old Suckling. I must say he is about the most thick-headed old fool I ever came across. When I asked him if he remembered who bought these things, he scratched his head and blinked at me like the old owl over in the Botanical Gardens does when you pelt him with acorns. Then he lugged out a lot of books, and spent nearly half-an-hour examining them. After all this performance he managed to remember that this frame and packet of paper had been purchased, on the same afternoon as



A GLANCE WAS SUFFICIENT TO SHOW THAT IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH — OR, RATHER, A SHADOWGRAPH—OF THE MISSING STAMP.

your stamp was stolen, by a boy wearing the school colours. More information than that he could not give; and there the case stands. Unless we can find the owner of these things, I'm afraid it's all up a gum tree.

"There is still one thing that may help us, though," he went on, after a lengthy pause. "It is evident that the thief is trying to sell the stamp to a dealer, and has submitted a photograph of it. So if we watch the board where the letters are put up every morning, we shall see if anything arrives from firms who deal in stamps; for all of them have their names embossed on their envelopes."

For a whole week we examined every letter that came in, but without success. By this time my chum was beginning to get tired of the whole business, and I had given up all hope of ever seeing my stamp again. Then chance again came to our aid.

Wilson had been giving Sherlock Holmes and his "Memoirs" a rest, and had been devoting himself to cricket, with a view to making a century in the forthcoming Warwick House return match. We were strolling in from the practice nets, about seven o'clock one lovely morning, when we met Bisset, with his camera under his arm. He was an amateur photographer, and had been up Mount Sugarloaf for the purpose of taking a photograph of the sun rising. If ever anyone was a slave to art Bisset was. Just imagine getting up at four in the morning, and tramping three miles to take a picture!

"Have you taken any good snap-shots lately, Bisset?" asked Wilson, as we walked across the "quad."

"Yes, I took a good one while I was in Flaxbourne last Wednesday week," replied Bisset. "And," he added, "I'll show you a print of it if you like."

We followed him to his study, which was in a marvellous state of disorder; and, after waiting for fully ten minutes, while he hunted about amongst a large collection of photographs, we were permitted to look at the snap-shot.

It represented a runaway horse, attached to a baker's cart, careering madly along Cashel Street, and I think it was about the best thing Bisset had ever done.

Wilson examined it for a few moments, and then I saw his face light up in a peculiar manner.

"Can I have this print?" he asked, turning to Bisset.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply, and the next instant I was following Wilson along the corridor.

When he reached the "quad" he began to caper about in a most unexplainable fashion.

"It's all right, Pat," he exclaimed. "You'll have your stamp back to-night, if everything goes right. This photo is the clue."

"The clue! How?"

"Just examine it yourself, and you'll see."

I seized the print and scrutinised it closely, but I must confess that I didn't notice anything remarkable about it, and I told Wilson as much as I handed it back to him.

I could plainly see, by the look on his face, that he was disgusted at my stupidity, and I hastened to apologise.

"It's all right, Ted, old man," I said, in a soothing tone; "I admit I'm a little dense, and very slow at seeing anything."

At this he calmed down considerably, and proceeded to explain matters.

"Can't you see that Suckling's Photographic Supply Depôt is in the background?" he began.

"Yes," I replied.

"And don't you notice," he continued, "that a boy, with a small parcel in his hand, is standing in the doorway?"

I took another glance at the print, and agreed that it was so, and that the aforesaid boy was no other than Rhodes, who occupied Study No. 7 in our house.

"Now you've struck it!" cried the delighted Wilson. "This photograph was taken on the afternoon during which your stamp was stolen, and it shows Rhodes in the act of leaving Suckling's shop. Now what does he want with photographic appliances, for he hasn't got a camera? The only conclusion that I can arrive at is that he wanted to take a print of your stamp on sensitised paper. To do this you put the stamp into a printing frame behind a piece of plain glass, and place a sheet of printing-out paper behind it. On exposing to the light you get a shadowgraph of the stamp."

Just then we entered our own house, and Wilson stopped and took a letter from the rack, addressed to Rhodes in his own handwriting. It bore a Dunedin post-mark.

"That fellow Rhodes is too cunning to live," said my chum. "Just fancy! He sent this envelope down to Dunedin when writing to the stamp firm, so that the reply wouldn't come in one of their embossed envelopes."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"How do I know it!" he repeated. "Why, you can see that the envelope has been pinned on to a letter, and also that it has been folded up."

So saying, he dropped the letter into his pocket and walked away, leaving me wondering at his great wisdom. It was not until just before "Prep," however, that he proposed to visit Rhodes.

"NOW," CONTINUED WILSON, STERNLY, "GO STRAIGHT UP TO THE HEAD AND CONFESS; IF YOU DON'T, WE SHALL HAVE TO REPORT YOU."

"Will you come along with me?" he asked.

I said that I would, and together we made our way to Study No. 7. Rhodes, who was sitting at his table reading, looked up as we entered, and asked our business.

"Oh, it's about that stamp you took out of Pat's album last Wednesday week," replied Wilson, in the coolest manner.

Rhodes turned pale, and stammered out:—

"What stamp? I don't understand you."

"Now, look here!" thundered Wilson; "hand over that stamp without any bother. We know you've got it, for here's a letter from Dunedin about it."

Throwing the letter on to the table he looked straight at Rhodes. The latter hesitated for a moment, then reluctantly unlocked his drawer, and took out an envelope, which he handed to me. It contained the missing stamp.

"Now," continued Wilson, sternly, with his eyes still on Rhodes, "go straight up to the Head and confess; if you don't we shall have to report you."

The culprit was too surprised to resist, and obeyed like a lamb. As he shuffled out of the study and along the corridor towards the Head's room, Wilson turned to me.

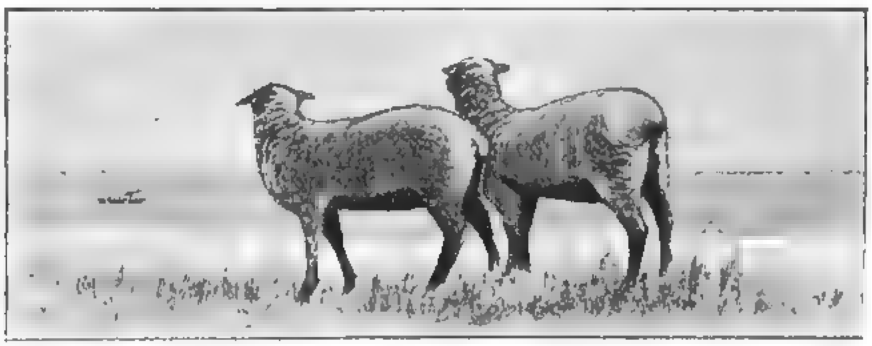
"Whatever happens, old man," he said, "let this affair remain a secret. There goes the bell; come along."

Next morning the Head briefly announced that Rhodes had left the school, and I don't think anyone regretted his departure, for he was universally disliked.

A week later Wilson was the happy possessor of "A Study in Scarlet," on the fly-leaf of which was inscribed, in my handwriting:—

"*To E. Wilson, in recognition of a valuable service and his first success.*"

[In explanation of the "local colour" of this ingenious story, I should mention that the author resides at Christchurch, New Zealand.—Ed. CAPTAIN.]



FIRST NEW ZEALANDER: "See, there's a ship bound for England. How'd you like to do the trip, eh?" SECOND DITTO: "Shouldn't—too cold! Frozen all the way, you know, and then too hot at end of the voyage—event Understand?"

THE NEWSKI PROSPECT.

A RAMBLE ROUND ST. PETERSBURG.

By H. A. Sams.

"Hi, *izvorschuk!*"

A funny-bearded little man in a capacious coat, tied round his middle with a brightly-coloured belt, a big fur cap drawn well down over his twinkling eyes, whips up his horse, and before you stands a rickety little victoria.

The Russian for "to take a cab" is "to sit on an *izvorschik*," applying the name of the driver to his vehicle. This you promptly proceed to do by beating him down twenty kopecks on his original offer. It is quite the correct thing. Ivan does not resent it, but smiles, and with a polite "*Poshalnista*," or "Please," he undoes the rug, and in you jump.

Rattle, bump, jolt you go over the cobbles and undulating surface of the side streets, expecting each minute to be your last, and that either you will be pitched out or that the flimsy little carriage will give way at the springs. But nothing of the kind happens; with a lurch you whiz round the corner and find yourself looking down the famous Newski Prospect, the Prospect of the Neva.

A ST. PETERSBURG "CABBY"

It is truly a magnificent street—wide, straight, and long. At the Neva end gleams the golden spire of the Admiralty; as you bowl along, you catch sight of a palace, a theatre, a cathedral, a museum, and innumerable churches.

Newski Prospect at first sight is not unlike any other fine continental boulevard. It is the life upon it that makes the difference. Every third man wears a uniform of some sort. The officers stroll up and down in long grey coats, with clanking sword and spurs. Innumerable soldiers throng the street, soldiers of the Guard and of the Line, and here and there a Cossack, his breast a cartridge case, his belt an armoury of daggers; every officer is saluted, and if he is a general, half turn and stand at the salute till he passes. Policemen and postmen are, of course, in uniform;

A TYPICAL POLICEMAN.

so is the Russian professor, schoolmaster, undergrad. and school-boy.

So much for the man in the street. Along the road dash the carriages and smart *izvorzchiks* at a pace that would soon attract the attention of a London "Bobby." The coachman holds his arms out straight and stiff before him to give a smart appearance to his team. The horses have nice long tails; the collar is arched high over the horse's neck, giving a Russian vehicle a character all its own. From the shaft to the hub of the front wheels ropes are fastened, probably, from the pace they go, to keep the wheels on. Now and then a squadron of cavalry clatters down the Prospect, officers and men as fine a set of soldiers as you could wish to see.

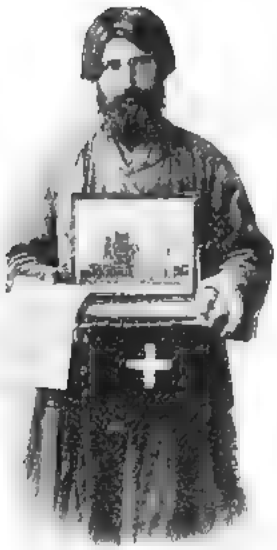
Newski Prospect is one long Bond Street. The shops are magnificent. Finest are the—well, we have no word in English. "Sweet-shop" is an insult. Whether one has a sweet tooth or only likes cheese, the artistic eye is charmed by the dainty loveliness of these *magasines de bon-bons*. You cannot resist the temptation, but go in. A girl politely asks you what you want, and while she is executing your order, sweetly invites you to taste the tempting delicacies around you. Politeness forbids you to eat in this way more than your order, though, if you did, she would smile and thank you. As a return for the never-failing courtesy of the shop-people, the hat and the smoke are always removed. There is no hurry, and you complete your purchase as if you were giving or taking a present.

The Russians are a pious people; the number of churches seem at first sight out of proportion, but, as a matter of fact, more are wanted. Outside every church is a sacred picture, and, as the people pass, they stop and cross themselves devoutly, with bared heads and meek, down-cast eyes. If there is not a church at every corner, there is probably a chapel with an altar and several *eikons* or sacred pictures. These at night sparkle like diamonds with their innumerable tapers placed and lit by many a passer-by. The cathedrals are splendid, especially St. Issacs. The style is Byzantine—the interior not so gaudy as in a Roman Catholic cathedral, not so cold and stern as our dear old English fanes. The marbles are rich and massive; the altars are richly dight with silver and gold. The tapers on the altars "make light to counterfeit a gloom." Here there is no pealing organ, no music save the deep voice of the chanting priest and the clear notes of the responding choir. No one sits, but either stands or kneels. The more pious prostrate themselves to the ground, and press their foreheads against the old mosaics. It is an impressive sight.

The Russian in the street is a dignified and solemn being. At home he is as vivacious as a Frenchman. Then you hear the rich, musical words flowing from his voluble tongue; the merry jest flies round, and you feel annoyed that you cannot understand its drift. Russian is indeed a difficult language. The words are unlike anything to which an Englishman is accustomed. But when spoken by the dainty lips of Marie Ivanovna, how sweetly it rings, like the bells in the yoke of her beloved *troika!*

A Russian family generally lives in a *kvatier* or flat. The entrance is through a big gate-way, where stands the

A PEASANT.



BEGGING FOR BUILDING FUNDS.

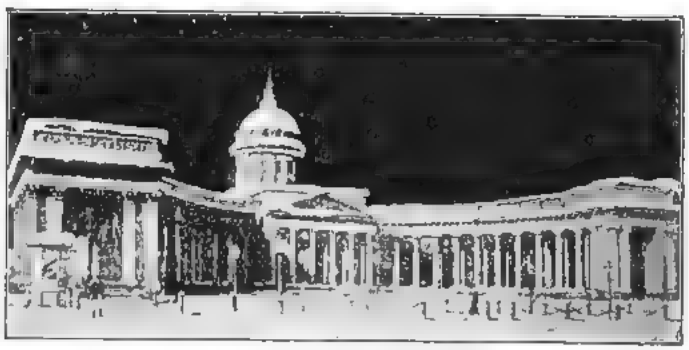
dvornik or door-keeper. He is an important person, at the same time your servant and your master. As the former he gives you your letters, brings up the wood from the huge stack in the court-yard, is a handy-man and general messenger; as the latter he is the link between yourself and the police. He takes your passport, gets the police permit for you to leave the country, and keeps the Russian district police-station informed of your movements. It is a lovely system.

Passing through this gate, you cross one or more court-yards as the case may be, and mount the staircase that leads to your *kvatier*. The rooms lead one out of the other. The windows are double, a necessary precaution in a Russian winter.

Family life is simple. Up any time before twelve, as your inclination or business requires; a *glass* of tea or coffee to wake you up. Breakfast is at noon, and is a meat meal with a glass of tea after it; as yet the *samovar* has not put in an appearance. Dinner is at four or five o'clock—soup, meat, and sometimes pudding—and again a glass of tea and cigarettes, in which the ladies join, especially if they be elderly. After dinner, a walk on the Newski, or "forty winks" if you were up early. At eight or nine in the evening, in comes the steaming *samovar*, one of the *penates* of a Russian family, as the *eikon* and burning lamp are another. Then the hostess dispenses tea with grace and kindliness. Then through the steam of tea and smoke of cigarette, go round the tale and gossip, *io kakoi skandal!* To this festive meal comes the guest; after it to the guest-chamber, where Ivan Petrovich is asked to sing some plaintive gipsy love-song, or, while the hostess plays, he dances with Marie Ivanovna a gay mazurka or simple *Vingerka*. At midnight, beer or wine is brought in, and the fun is kept up till three or four in the morning. Or else furs and goloshes are donned, and away in a string of *izvorzchiks* to some *café* on the Newski, to listen to the Hungarian band, sip wine, and eat *caviare*.

A STREET HAWKER.

It is a jolly life, this life of St. Petersburg. How little it is known to the average Englishman, whose ideas of Russia are a jumble of politics and the knout! Ivan Petrovich is a good sort, and to know him is to like him.



By John Mackie.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.–XVII.)

Walter Derringham, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr. Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-west prairie country. Walter accepts the offer, and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche, whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians. Dunbar and Derringham, after a savage encounter with the red men, obtain the assistance of a neighbouring rancher and his cow-boys, and also that of the mounted police. After various tactics have been employed by both sides, one Indian is captured, but the notorious outlaw, "Make-Thunder," escapes. Derringham accompanies Dunbar to the latter's ranche, and settles down to his work. One Sunday Derringham goes off with Broncho Pete—a cow-boy—to explore a mysterious locality in that neighbourhood known as the Land of the Lost Spirits—this being the place, according to the superstitions of the red men, to which "bad" Indians are consigned when they die. Exploring forwards, Broncho Pete and Derringham come suddenly upon an illicit whiskey distillery, owned by an outlaw named Campbell, a member of whose band is the bad Indian, Make-Thunder. Pete and Derringham narrowly escape being shot on sight. The smugglers imprison them and set a guard over them. Laying their heads together, the prisoners determine to escape. In the silence of the night they loosen the stones of the window and prepare to decamp.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PURSUIT.

Pete clambered on to the partially demolished wall, and peered into the gloomy depths below.

"It's a long way down, Wally," he observed, "but the rope's nigh touching the water. I'll go first, and you follow me up. Here goes!"

He took hold of the rope, and with his feet braced against the cliff, began to lower himself down. When he had disappeared from view I took his place on the wall and watched him, as, hand under hand, he gradually neared the cold, black water. It must have been at least thirty feet from where I knelt to its surface. Pete must have been close to it, when suddenly, to my surprise, he stood upright, felt about with his feet, relaxed his hold on the rope, and steadied himself against the face of the cliff with his hands. He looked up towards me, and cried:—

"Come on, Wally, I believe I've struck a ledge!"

In two minutes more I stood by his side. It was indeed a ledge, but an exceedingly narrow one.

"Now then, Wally, we'll have to make for the boats," whispered Pete.

We crawled along the rocky shore in the shadow of the banks, every now and again pausing to listen and peer into the deceptive semi-darkness. How every tree-stump and rock seemed to resolve themselves into some sinister, lurking enemy! Every moment I almost expected to see a little tongue of fire spurt out from the gloom, presaging the deadly, leaden messenger, or to be challenged in a rough voice by someone on watch.

But at last we reached the little natural harbour, and turned into it with a world of dread and apprehension in our hearts. What if the boats had been carried well ashore, or rendered useless? There would then be nothing for it but to search for some logs or spars, lash them

together, and trust ourselves to their frail support. But the boats were there, made fast to the little jetty, and there was exultation in our hearts as we fairly ran down to them. And then, O horrible sense of disappointment and dismay! — we discovered they were both securely chained to a huge pile, driven into the sand, with the great padlock in such a position that we could not get at it, so as to spring the lock by the usual means adopted in such cases, by dealing it heavy blows with large stones.

"Wally, old stocking," whispered Pete, "it's a blue look-out. But we mustn't waste time. Let's look for some logs anything at all; it won't do to stop round this 'ere shop long."

It was indeed a tantalising sight to see the two boats lying there so trimly side by side, with the oars in them, and still so utterly useless for our purpose. But my old faculty of observation once more stood me in stead.

"Pete," I said, "I believe I know where they keep the key of that padlock. It is kept hung up on a nail in the still-house at the far end of the building. I once saw Jim put it there."

"Are you quite sure it was the key of this padlock?" asked Pete.

"I'm almost sure of it," I replied; "at least, it was the key of a padlock—you can always tell the difference. You just stop here, and I'll go and get it."

Pete wanted to go himself, averring that he knew the ground better than I did, but I would not have it. The suggestion and project were mine, and mine would be the risk.

"You run as much risk of being shot, Pete, by staying here," I declared. "I'm going, so it's no use your trying to persuade me to the contrary. So long, old chap!"

I hastily shook him by the hand, and was off before he could prevent me or say a word. The still-house was the farthest away of the log huts, so I skirted the hollow among the pines in order to enter it by the doorway at the back. It was dark in the shadow, and I stumbled against rocks and tree-stumps. Every little noise brought my heart into my mouth, for I thought the smugglers must necessarily hear it, and I knew that meant certain death for both Pete and myself. Still, I will say this for myself, that it was not so much the actual fear of death that concerned me, as the failure or mismanagement of the mission which I had taken upon myself, and upon which the life of another hung.

I crouched and crept along as best I could until I stood on the top of the lip of the little hollow just behind the still-house. Everything seemed perfectly quiet, and the huts had a deserted appearance. There was a light breeze blowing, and one or two loose boards on a ruined shed flapped eerily to and fro. I looked across the dim lake to the south where the shadow of the mighty western cliff lay like a great eclipse athwart the dim waters, clearly defined, black as jet, palpable. Suddenly from the blackness there gleamed out a light so intense, so bright, that for the moment it fairly dazzled me. It lit up the weird gulch of waters as if the sun were blazing directly overhead, and the vast cliffs with every tree and scar stood out distinctly. But the cause of that flash itself I could not determine. It was of such infinitesimal duration that, but for the sudden affright of the bird-world, I could have almost fancied myself the victim of some optical illusion. What weird phenomenon of nature was this?

But there was no time to lose in idle speculation, and I turned at once to the hut. Quickly I walked over the intervening clear ground. Luckily the door stood wide open, and I stepped inside. It was pitch dark, and owing to the number of formidable obstacles, mostly in the form of tubs and jars, littering the floor, I nearly broke my neck in trying to get to the spot where the key was kept. I would never get there without a light of some kind. The noise caused by my tumbling about would be more likely to be heard than any light employed for a minute or two was likely to be seen. If the key was to be found, one would have to take risks in finding it. I struck a wax vesta and made my way quickly to where the key was kept. Thank goodness! there it was, and hastily I secured it. I was now close to the door, when suddenly the match burnt my fingers, and hastily I threw it from me. In another second a great tongue of flame shot up from an open keg close to the wall, and in another moment it seemed as if the whole place was ablaze. Some kind of oil or spirit must have been left uncovered, and my match had done the business. For a moment I stood helpless, incapable of thought or action. To try and stop the progress of that fierce flame would be a fatuous task; turning, I dashed across the space of open ground by the way I had come. That hut burned as if it had been made of tissue paper soaked in kerosene. The breeze fanned the flames through the doors and windows with almost incredible rapidity; there was a series of loud reports, as jars and kegs of spirit were exploded by the fierce heat, and before I had reached the little harbour immense forks of blue flames and red were shooting through the roof. Glancing over my shoulder I could see the smugglers rushing out of their hut evidently in a great state of consternation. Would it serve to distract their attention while we made

our escape? If so, then the dropping of that match was a lucky accident.

"Quick, Pete," I cried, almost breathless, handing him the key. "Had we not better take both boats?"

But there was no time for that, for just as we had unlocked the padlock and were about to jump into one of them, someone, hatless and shirtless, came tearing round the bend of the rocks. It was the brutal Bill, and in an instant I noted that he was unarmed. He was evidently a man of prompt action, for without uttering a word he rushed headlong upon me, like a wild animal, as I stood on the edge of the natural quay. Pete was a little to one side, taking aboard the heavy chain that secured the boats. On came Bill, with the glare of a savage creature in his eyes. So great was the light from the burning hut that I could see his features distinctly. I waited until he was within a couple of feet of me, then, springing quickly aside, I put out my foot, tripped him up, and in another second he had pitched with a great crash, head-first into the boat. I thought the fall must have killed him and swamped the boat, for it plunged down in the bows until the water ran in over the sides. But Pete evidently did not want to be burdened by the carcase of the smuggler, for he promptly jumped into the boat after him, caught him by the feet before he could make a move, and tipped him over the side into deep water.

"Jump in, Wally, for goodness' sake!" cried my comrade; "they'll be on us in another second. Crikey! here they come. No time to trouble about the other boat—in with you, and row for all you're worth."

I PUT OUT MY FOOT, AND HE PITCHED HEAD-FIRST INTO THE BOAT.

I jumped in, and, seizing an oar, shoved off; at the same moment three or four smugglers came rushing down towards the quay. As we passed under the archway, *ping! ping!* went a couple of revolver shots, and the bullets flattened against the rocks close to our heads. Just as we cleared the archway and shot out into the lake the wild crew of desperadoes had reached the quay. *Ping! ping!* went their revolvers again. *Whiz—zip!* went the bullets. But either that lurid, wild light was deceptive, or they were too excited and full of rage to take the careful aim necessary to make good shooting with a revolver, for although one or two of the shots struck the boat, they did no harm to us. I noticed that the second boat in the meantime had drifted from the quay towards the archway. Pete and I now crouched in the bottom of our boat, and, taking an oar, I used it as a scull. We noticed that some of the smugglers were helping the hapless Bill out of the water by means of a boat-hook. The smuggler-chief himself stood for a

moment on the quay, the very picture of impotent rage.

"Oh, you fools!" he shrieked, "I'll make you pay for this! I'll roast your bodies over a slow fire until there's nothing left of you but your bones! You'll not escape us!"

In another moment he had dived from the quay, and made for the drifting boat. He succeeded in catching it up, clambered in over the side, made back to the quay, and was joined by three of his fellows. They shipped the oars, and immediately their boat shot through the archway in hot pursuit.

"Git up, Wally, and row like mad!" cried Pete.

We had about seventy yards of a start on the smugglers, but unless we could increase our lead the outlook was rather a hopeless one. It was our intention to make as nearly as possible for the cave in which we had first found the boat, jump ashore, and rely upon our fleetness of foot to out-distance the smugglers in the rough, wild, pine-clad country. The chances were, however, that, should they think we were going to escape them, they would fire a volley into us and the game would be up. It was a case of life or death, so we strained every nerve in our bodies, and shot along at a spanking pace. In another minute or two we would be out of the still water and have rounded the last of the outlying islands.

"Pull, sonny, pull!" cried poor Pete, as he bent to his oar like a man possessed. "Never say die!"

But I saw to my dismay that the smugglers were gaining upon us. In a few minutes more we would be in their power. And now, Campbell, the smuggler-chief, stood up in the bow of his boat and watched us intently. He was excited to an extraordinary degree, and behaved just like a maniac. He shook his fist at us, and laughed in a way that made our flesh creep.

"Stay with it, boys!" he cried to his men; "we're gaining on them, and soon we'll have their bodies roasting on the embers of their own fire;" he raised his voice as he cried out to us: "Ho, there! you silly fools! you may as well save your wind and knuckle under—you haven't got the ghost of a show!"

To this invitation Pete and I made no reply, but rowed all the harder, with the energy of despair. We shot past the point of the last of the islands, and stood out for the open waters of the lake. Suddenly, that weird, dazzling light which had so startled me several minutes before when on the island, burst out again somewhere ahead of us—but it it was no momentary flash this time.

Instinctively Pete and I turned to look at it. What we saw was a sight that neither of us are likely to forget to our dying day. There, within two hundred yards of us, were a couple of large rafts, each with a species of lug-sail, bellying to the breeze, slowly drifting down upon us. Upon them stood a large number of men. It was evidently a magnesium light that was being burnt, so as to give the occupants some idea of their proper position. My heart throbbed wildly, as in the fierce white light I I could make out distinctly the khaki uniforms, slouched hats, and long boots of mounted police troopers; and the leather trappings and picturesque gearing of the cow boys. We could see them looking at us and our pursuers in evident astonishment.

"Hurrah!" shouted Pete, "Pull like mad, Wally! Thank God, we're saved!"

But the smugglers did not intend to let us escape so easily.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

When the smugglers realised that they were running right into the lion's mouth, they backed water instantly, and stared at their much-dreaded enemies—the police—with amazement and consternation. But only for an instant; for, with a cry like a wild beast that has been balked of its prey, Campbell raised his revolver, levelled it at us, and fired.

Fortunately Pete and I had divined his intention in time, and ducked, so that the two bullets he sent on their way went whizzing over our heads.

The smugglers put about, and made back the way they had come.

In another minute we were alongside the raft, and the next thing I knew was that Colin Dunbar, the rancher, was wringing my two hands in his as if he meant to do me bodily harm. The good man seemed so overcome at our unexpected meeting that he was quite unable to speak.

In another moment the police officer, whom I had met at Waller's, appeared. With self-possession and readiness that with him had become second nature, he leapt into the boat, calling on three of his men to follow him.

"You come, too, Dunbar," he cried. "And as for you," indicating Pete and myself, "give up your oars to those who are fresh; but stay in the boat we'll want you to pilot us to the lair of the real spirits of these parts. We must take those chaps alive if we can. Sergeant-major Wilde, try and place the two rafts one on either side of the island, land the men, keep them well

in cover, and await further orders. Lay to, boys!"

In less time than it takes to write it, two brawny troopers were pulling together with a long, measured stroke that sent the boat flying through the water. Everything had happened in such an inconceivably short space of time that it seemed almost like the incongruous turn of some vivid and fantastic dream to be chasing our late pursuers. It was turning the tables upon them with a vengeance. The magnesium light that had burned on the raft had now gone out,-but the glare from the burning hut still shed a weird, lurid light on the deep, mysterious waters, and threw the rugged, pine-crested islands into bold relief.

The smugglers made back for their stronghold even more quickly than they had set out from it. We could see the gaunt figure of the smuggler-chief as he sat in the bow of the boat, his hands gripping the sides, his head slightly bent forward, watching us with a peculiarly concentrated stare. He reminded me of some huge ape behind the bars of a cage, which, having spent its strength in a wild paroxysm of rage, was lying back in a state of impotent senility. He did not attempt to fire at us, but once or twice he seemed to rouse himself, and shook his fist at us in a way that would have been ludicrous had it not savoured of tragedy.

As our boat churned through the water, Pete and I told our story to Colin Dunbar and the officer of police in as few words as possible, and described the physical peculiarities of the smugglers' retreat. It transpired that one of the notes, put by me into a bottle and consigned to the lake, had been found some days previously on a strip of sand by the western cliff. It had been discovered none too soon, for in another twelve hours the search party would have left, under the belief that Pete and I were both dead, and our bodies lying in some inaccessible spot in the Land of the Lost Spirits. They had lost no time in withdrawing from the observation of the smugglers, so as to throw them off the scent, and in building rafts in a secluded cove.

LEVELLING HIS REVOLVER AT US, HE FIRED, AND ONE OF THE TROOPERS DROPPED HIS OAR WITH A BULLET THROUGH THE FLESHY PART OF HIS ARM.

Our boat was fast catching up on that of the smugglers, but in another hundred yards the latter would gain the archway, and then they would, to a large extent, be the masters of the situation. The two troopers bent to their oars right bravely, but it was of no avail. The smugglers, with something that sounded like a wild howl of triumph, passed under the archway, and, just ere they did so, the smuggler-chief seemed to recover something of his old

vindictiveness; for, levelling his revolver at us, he fired, and one of the troopers dropped his oar with a bullet through the fleshy part of his right arm. Immediately his place was taken by another man.

"Hold hard!" cried the officer of police. "There's no use exposing ourselves more than is necessary to those wretches, who know well enough it means the gallows for most of them even if they don't get shot. We'll surround the island when the rafts come up, and take them all in good time. Meanwhile, we'll take care that no one tries to escape. Nicholls"—this to the trooper with the injured arm—"you'll be rowed to the raft as soon as it comes up, and Dr. Haultain will see to your wound. It was fortunate we brought the doctor with us. I wouldn't wonder, by the way, if these scoundrels could account for the mysterious disappearance of Dunthorne about a year ago."

We stood out from the shore, and waited for the rafts to come up. By the light of the blazing still-house we could see the smugglers running up from the little harbour towards the remaining huts. It was quite evident they were barricading themselves in, and making preparations for a siege. They might as well shoot a few policemen and cow-boys, seeing that in any case their lives would be as good as forfeited. The rancher had ripped open the trooper's coat-sleeve, and was binding it up until such time as the doctor appeared upon the scene. In order that one of the rafts should be stranded at the far end of the island near the kitchen garden, we pulled slowly round in that direction; we would thus be able to signal it on its arrival. We were passing the high rock where our late prison was, when, looking up towards the great gap which Pete and I had so lately made in the stone wall, and from which our improvised rope of blankets still dangled, we saw in the imperfect light the dim figure of a man making frantic signals to us. Who on earth could it be, and what were the designs of this person?

"Don't go too near," I counselled, the past threats and cunning of the arch smuggler-chief occurring to my mind at that moment, and visions suggesting themselves of a keg of gunpowder with a fuse attached being dropped into our boat should we approach too near.

But to our surprise we saw the man, apparently unarmed, swarm down the rope until he dangled from it with his feet just touching the water.

"Here's something queer," exclaimed the officer. "Pull in, but be very cautious. He's a dead man if there's any treachery."

A few strokes from the oars, and we were close to the swaying figure.

"Alan!" I exclaimed in astonishment, for it was indeed the smuggler who had all along been our friend, and doubtless to whom we owed our lives when, on the first day of our arrival, the ballot-box was called into requisition.

The police officer caught him by the nape of the neck, and pulled him into the boat.

"Dunthorne!" he exclaimed, with a look of incredulity and amazement, which also found a reflection on the faces of the others. "In the name of all that's wonderful, how did you get here?"

"I came here much as these two did," he replied. "I was taken prisoner, and to save my own life agreed to join them. I had to swear never to betray them, and I have kept my word. But I made a stipulation that they were never to expect me to pull a trigger or lift a hand against the uniform, and in return I promised never to lift a hand against them. Should my name not already be struck off the strength of the force you will surely not ask me to go back upon my word. I have been watched like a prisoner myself all these weary months. What would the force have gained if I had been shot? Can you tell me my position now, sir?"

"You are Corporal Dunthorne still," replied the officer, "and we'll put you on board the raft. You have been the victim of circumstances, and the commissioner is a just man. You have my sincere sympathy, and I am sure you will have his."

The officer shook him heartily by the hand, and the action was immediately followed by the others. It was with no little emotion that Pete and I did so also. This man's personality, which had before been such a mystery to us, was now made plain enough. In a few words I told the officer of police how undoubtedly he had saved our lives more than once, and how he had befriended us all along.

In a few minutes more one of the large rafts bore down upon the island. The great lug-sail bellied to the breeze, and loomed up vaguely like some uncanny thing in the lurid half-light. As it was hauled down it flapped and shook with a noise like muffled thunder. The raft ran into the little bay by the kitchen-garden, and grounded on the beach. We signalled it, and pulled alongside. Immediately the men sprang ashore. The trooper who was shot through the arm was handed over to the police surgeon, who had with him all necessary surgical appliances, and our friend Alan Dunthorne, smuggler and non-commissioned officer of police, was left to assist him. Pete and I were given revolvers apiece with a belt of ammunition, and

were told by the officer to keep in his neighbourhood and that of the rancher, but on no account to expose ourselves to the fire of the smugglers, as, naturally, they would blame us for all their troubles.

By this time the second raft had pulled in to the rocks on the east side of the island, nearly opposite the little glade and pathway which led down from the burning still-house. The men spread out until a species of semicircle was formed opposite the hut in which the desperadoes had entrenched themselves, but not within a hundred yards of it at the nearest point, as there was the clearing to reckon with; not to keep well in cover of trees and rocks meant certain death.

The officer, who was a plucky fellow, crawled forward under the scanty cover of the rickety shed, and called upon the smugglers to surrender. But the only reply was a couple of bullets fired into the rotten shanty, that caused him to beat a discreet and prompt retreat. Then an order was given by the officer to fire a volley upon the hut, but the damage done was evidently slight. Then from their log stronghold several little jets of flame spurted out in irregular succession. A cow-boy who had, after the manner of cow-boys, somewhat recklessly exposed himself from behind a tree, dropped like a stone with a bullet through his leg. He was borne away at considerable risk by another cow-boy and a trooper.

"The deuce take them!" muttered the officer, who was now close to me, under cover of a large pine. "I'm afraid they are going to give us some trouble. They must have done something worse than make whiskey in their time, or they wouldn't stand out like this. What sort of chaps did you say they were like, Derringham?"

"The sort of brutes who take a delight in thrashing boys, sir," I replied. "They laid me on the ground and flogged me with a rope the very first day I was here, because I cheeked them."

Then I blushed for myself in the dark, because surely now I was something more than a mere boy! At least, I thought I was.

The officer laughed.

"Served you right for cheeking your elders — — Goodness!"

It was my turn to laugh now. A bullet had made the bark fly close to his head. He ducked in rather an undignified fashion.

"Those chaps are no tenderfoots," he remarked, thoughtfully.

It was a picturesque if tragic scene. The blazing hut, the little stronghold from which jets of flame kept darting, the clear piece of encircling ground on which to venture meant death, the dusky group of pines where the sharp ring of the unseen troopers' rifles spurted out the death fire; beyond that, the gleaming lake with its dark isles; above that, those great gloomy encompassing cliffs, and, above all, the luminous grey-green of the heavens, in which the stars were beginning to go out one by one, just as the lights disappear in a great city at peep-of-day.

It was beginning to get piercingly cold; for a sharp frost had set in, and in a day or two we knew that there would be ice on the Lake of the Lost Spirits.

"I say, Derringham, this won't do, you know," remarked the officer. "You're shivering with cold, and there's hardly room behind this tree for both of us. Creep to the bank and find Dunbar, or your late friend in misfortune—the man with the business eye, and the nose that looks two ways at one time— —."

"Broncho Pete is as good-looking as you, sir, or anyone else, when you get to know him!" I interrupted hotly.

"Keep your coat on, Derringham," laughed the officer. "I quite agree with you. It's only the little way we have of talking out here, and merely meant to save any demonstration of affection."

I thought of Pete's quaint "Wally, old stocking," and knew that there was something in what he said. I stammered out an apology, and crawled back to the bank. I was not long in finding the rancher, who seemed to have been anxious as to my safety.

"We'll await the end here together, Derringham," he said. "It can't be long now. Something's pretty sure to happen. Their ammunition is bound to run out, but just before that they'll make a break, you'll see."

We soon found out how true his words were. Suddenly, as if he had just recollected something, he said again:—

"By the way, I had nearly forgotten. You won't guess what I've got here for you, Derringham?"

I looked at his face, and I did guess.

"It's a letter from the Old Country!" I cried.

"Yes," he replied. And, after fumbling in an inside pocket for a most absurd time, he pulled it out. "I thought it was just possible you might like to see it when we found you."

I almost snatched it from his hand. I knew that, excepting my Uncle Gilbert, there was only one other person who was likely to write to me, and that was my girl friend, Muriel Wray.

"Is it from her?" asked the rancher smilingly, and watching my face. I had mentioned her existence to my friend.

"Yes, sir," I answered, and somehow could not help blushing, simply because it was from a girl and not from a boy. Then I felt ashamed of myself for being so disloyal, and strove to make amends.

"But she's one of the best sort of girls I ever met, sir—a regular brick, and quite as good as most fellows!"

"Don't apologise for her," remarked Colin Dunbar drily. "I'm quite sure, from the little you've told me, that she doesn't require it. Put that letter away—there's something going to happen now, and no mistake. Just look there!"

He sprang into an almost upright position. I thrust that dear letter into my pocket, and looked, too. It was a remarkable sight that met our gaze. Some adventurous trooper had set fire to the coarse dry grass in the open. A great gushet of flame ran quickly down to the lee side of the log hut. In a minute more a pile of firewood and rubbish close to the gable end had caught fire, and in two minutes more the whole place was ablaze. A triumphant murmur of voices from the troopers and cow-boys was heard.

"Stand to your posts, men, and look out!" cried the officer.

"They are going to make a rush for it," cried Colin Dunbar. "Now, stick to me or the inspector, Derringham, and don't be rash. By Jove, they're coming out!"

CHAPTER XX.

TO THE DEATH.

WHEN the stronghold of the smugglers burst into flames their fusilade stopped abruptly, and immediately the officer passed the signal to his troopers and the cow-boys to cease firing also. Why they should have wasted ammunition in firing upon that strongly-built log hut at all was a mystery to me. The only vulnerable part of it was the roof, which was composed of birch bark and was now ablaze. Surely the time had come for the desperadoes to surrender.

The troopers closed in cautiously to the edge of the clearing, the grass of which was burning like a miniature prairie fire. Indeed, it was difficult at times to see the hut at all through the lurid murkiness. It was a wild, picturesque scene, but one which I would not care to see again. It was a terrible thing to think of those

WITH A BLIND, WILD, HELTER-SKELTER RUSH, THE DESPERADOES MADE A DESPERATE FOR ONE OF THE GATES

misguided men rushing on so recklessly to their grim fate. Suddenly I heard a voice at my elbow.

"I say, Wally, old stocking, don't you be a-gittin' too near. Them coves are only foxin'. They're up to some demon's work, you kin bet your boots."

And Pete was right. For, in another second, with a blind, wild, helter-skelter rush, the desperadoes made a break for one of the rafts. It was doubtless their idea to push off from the shore, hoist the lug-sail, and let it drift with the wind. It was a mad idea at the best, for before such a slow and clumsy contrivance as a raft could get clear of the shore it was tolerably certain that the fugitives would be shot down.

Bang, ping! Bang, ping! And as they ran the smugglers faced about and fired upon such of the cow-boys and troopers as came too close upon them. But the desperadoes had somewhat the best of the start, for what with the burning grass, the smoke, the uncertain flickering light, and the fact that they had made their exit by a back way, a good many of the troopers and police hardly realised at first that the enemy had fled. But they very soon found out, for as I ran with the officer through the burning grass and blinding smoke towards the huts, we could hear the ominous rifle and revolver shots ring out, and the hoarse voices of the men as they rallied to the pursuit.

How that flame scorched my face and hands! and how that black smoke suffocated us as we stumbled blindly through it! Pete and Colin Dunbar had attempted to follow, but a gust of wind just then swept up an impassable barrier of flame in their faces, and they were obliged to retire. When the fire caught the drier and ranker grass among the trees, and the whole island was ablaze, it was every man for himself, and that meant a rush for the rafts. Then no one knew where his comrade was, and confusion for the time being reigned. It was a night-marish, fitting scene for the Land of the Lost Spirits.

The officer and I quickly passed the burning huts, and as we crossed over the slightly rising ground beyond, we saw three of the smugglers keeping the police at bay, while a couple of them endeavoured to push off the raft upon which was the surgeon and the wounded trooper. The sight startled me.

"There are only five of them there," I cried. "Campbell, one of the others, and Make-Thunder, have escaped somehow!"

A sudden thought struck me.

"They've made for the little harbour where the boats are," I cried. "If we jump into this one down here and row round we might stop them."

It was only too true. When the huts were practically surrounded no one thought of the smugglers' boat in the harbour. So while one lot of the smugglers ran one way, Campbell, Bill, and the Indian, with the cunning of foxes, ran another; and they did not run in vain, for there was not a soul to prevent them from jumping into the boat and pushing off.

The officer and I rushed down to the remaining boat, which, luckily, the desperadoes had not seen in time, and jumped in. Another trooper followed us, and without waiting for further assistance we pushed off. The trooper and I took an oar apiece, making the boat fairly spin through the water. We rounded the rocks, and there, some two hundred yards ahead of us, was the only other available boat, with two white men and an Indian in it, steadily making its way between the islands in the direction of the canyon.

I really pitied the officer when he saw how completely he and his men had been outwitted, just when it seemed that he had as good as effected a capture.

"I'll never forgive myself," he groaned. "It is the greatest mistake I ever committed in my life! And to think that we had them as good as surrounded! But we must capture them—I can't go back without them. They can't row farther than the head of that canyon, anyhow, no matter how long it may be."

He sprang from his seat in the stern.

"Give me that oar, Derringham," he cried. "You've done enough for one night."

I gave it up to him, and, to tell the truth, I was not sorry. The strain of the past twenty-four hours had almost been too much for me.

It was a wonderful dawn, that in the Lake of the Lost Spirits, and as we sped through the water I had an opportunity of observing it. The wan light streamed in like one vast shaft over the high, dark, eastern cliff, and the great gulch of black waters was filled with that luminous greyness one only sees during a thunder-storm. Looking back, I could see a red glare showing through the dark, straggling pines on the two little islands we had just passed. It looked like an angry dawn in a world of gloom, but I knew it was only the flare of the burning buildings and the grass in the fastness of the outlaws. I realised then to the full the truth of the scriptural saying: *The way of transgressors is hard.* I thought of one of the men, Campbell, we were then in pursuit of, and of his misspent life, and it occurred to me that probably it was the seeds of insanity that had allowed him to drift so easily into his evil courses. I told the inspector of his mad fancies, but he said nothing. Goodness knows

"BACK-WATER! BACK-WATER! WE ARE RIGHT ON TO THEM!"

I owed the smuggler chief no debt of gratitude, but is it not better to err on the side of mercy—if erring it be?

On, on we sped over the dark waters and through the chill morning air

"Are we gaining on them do you think, Derringham?" cried the officer, with something that sounded almost like a ring of entreaty in his voice.

"I think so, sir. In fact, I'm pretty certain of it. You see, the Indian can't row, and the other two have to do all the work, and they are pretty well played out."

It was as I said. Already I could distinguish the occupants of the boat more clearly, and I knew that it was not altogether owing to the increased light. And now the great cliffs began to draw in upon us on either side, until at last we were in a species of canyon. How high these cliffs were! Looking upwards, and then down at the water, was to make one feel giddy. And how deep was the black water beneath us! There was no strip of shore on either hand—not a broken piece of rock on which even a cat could gain a foothold. To come to grief there meant saying goodbye to this world.

On, on we sped. Was the canyon going to pierce into the bowels of the earth for ever? The cliffs were now so high, and came so close together, that it seemed as if twilight had again settled down on the face of the waters. Suddenly I thought the distance between the two boats had considerably lessened.

"Let me take your oar, sir," I begged. "They are getting played out. You'll be able to keep an eye upon them better. It is Campbell, Bill, and Make-Thunder, and you'll have to be very careful."

I daresay it was presumptuous on my part to tender such advice, but I knew the men from experience.

He allowed me to take his place. He then took his position in the stern with a rifle in his hands. It is one of the regulations in the police force that firing on a criminal must only be resorted to as a very last remedy. The canyon now became so narrow and tortuous that at times we lost sight of the desperadoes altogether, but still we were gaining upon them. Suddenly, with a warning shout, the officer cried:—

"Back-water! Back water! We're right on to them!"

The trooper and I obeyed with all the

strength that was left in our bodies, but that did not prevent us running full tilt into the fugitives' boat with a force that sent me sprawling backwards. When I picked myself up I was alone. The other boat was empty, and lay close against the foot of a rough ledge or incline, exactly like a bridle track, that ran upwards into what seemed that other world of light and day. But great boulders had fallen from the cliff above right on to it, distracting the eye, and thus preventing me at first noticing the human figures, some hundred feet or so above, who were about to take part in the last scene of a stormy drama. And then the sharp ring of a pistol shot made me look more closely, until I could see plainly what was going forward.

When the desperadoes had reached the ledge they had jumped quickly ashore, leaving their boat to its fate, and it was when suddenly rounding the bend that ours had crashed into it. They ran quickly up the steep and shelving slope, but the police by this time were close at their heels, and they knew that there was nothing for it but to surrender or fight.

Campbell faced about and fired one shot out of his revolver at the police inspector. But his aim was wild, and the bullet went wide of its mark. The police, being determined to take their quarry alive, did not shoot. Then the desperate smuggler chief called upon the brutal Bill and the Indian to stand and fight. From motives of prudence Bill stood his ground, and kept the police at bay with his revolver, but the Indian, with a series of long strides, kept on. Infuriated by this exhibition of cowardice and disobedience, Campbell, with almost superhuman agility, bounded after him, and caught him in his arms. It was only at this juncture that I properly saw what was going on, owing to a turn in the ledge. The sight was such a strange and terrible one, that, while it lasted, Bill, the pursued, and the police merely stood still and watched. It was one of the shortest and grimmest wrestling matches I ever saw in my life.

Make-Thunder, my old would-be assassin, wriggled round quickly when he found himself in the smuggler's grip, and flung his arms over and about the latter's back after the most approved manner of wrestlers. Then for at least two minutes the two spun round furiously on the brink of that terrible abyss. Now the smuggler would draw the Indian to him, and lift him off his feet. Then the Indian would manage to free himself, and the spinning would begin again. But at last the end came. Campbell had managed to force Make-Thunder close to the edge of the precipice, when suddenly, freeing himself from his grip, he struck the Indian a terrific blow on the chest, that sent him spinning over the brink. It was then the police made a rush in upon Campbell. But the smuggler chief had as little intention of being taken prisoner as of going over the cliff in the embrace of a redskin; for, turning towards his would-be captors with a mocking grin upon his face, he made them a low bow, and sprang into that nightmarish abyss. It was a sickening sight to view his body pass through the air. I tried to shut my eyes, but I could not—the scene quite fascinated me. So perished this strange man, and with him, probably, the secret of his downfall.

But the end of the drama was not yet. When the police rushed in upon Campbell, Bill, seizing his opportunity, made a dash past them, and came thundering down the slope. He knew that if he could only kill me, push off with the two boats, and round the corner, he was saved, and his two opponents outwitted with a vengeance. My revolver lay in the stern of the boat, but I had no time to pick it up. The police, some seventy or eighty yards behind him, dared not fire, lest they should accidentally shoot me. I seized an oar, determined to receive my old friend, Bill, in the only way that I thought would impress him. He had evidently made up his mind to make very sure of me, for he did not seem in any hurry to fire. But he delayed too long. Just ere he reached the water's edge he stumbled, and lurched forward. Now was my opportunity. Before he could recover himself I stood up in the boat, swung the oar over my head, brought it down heavily on his thick skull, and in another instant he fell senseless into the boat.

"Well done, Derringham! Well done, my boy!" cried the officer, as he and the trooper reached the boats. "You've made a capture, anyhow, and retrieved our fortunes. If you haven't broken his head he'll make a brave show in handcuffs and leg-irons!"

They placed him in an easy position in the boat in which he had come, the trooper taking off his coat and placing it under his head, and then, knowing the desperate character of the man with whom they had to deal, they took the precaution of making fast his feet and hands.

I confess that though this was the man who had treated me so brutally, I almost felt sorry for him, fearful less my blow had killed him. It is not pleasant to think that you have killed any one, even in self-defence.

"Can't you do anything for him, sir?" I asked. "Put some water on his face—try to bring him round, or something of that sort."

The officer shook his head.

"It's no use," he replied, "you'll see, he'll come round soon enough. Get him back to where Dr. Haultain, our surgeon, is; that's the best plan, I think. Roberts," turning to the trooper, "you stop in the boat with him, and Derringham and I will tow you back to camp. It's well on in the forenoon now, and they'll be wondering what's become of us. It will be four or five o'clock before we get back. Derringham, let me shake hands with you."

I could not exactly see what there was to shake hands about, but I shook hands with him all the same.

During that long row back, despite the stormy events of the past twenty-four hours, I kept wondering what was in Muriel Wray's letter. Though I was dying to read it, the very thought that it was safe in my breast pocket was wonderfully comforting.

About four in the afternoon, dead tired, we reached the island.

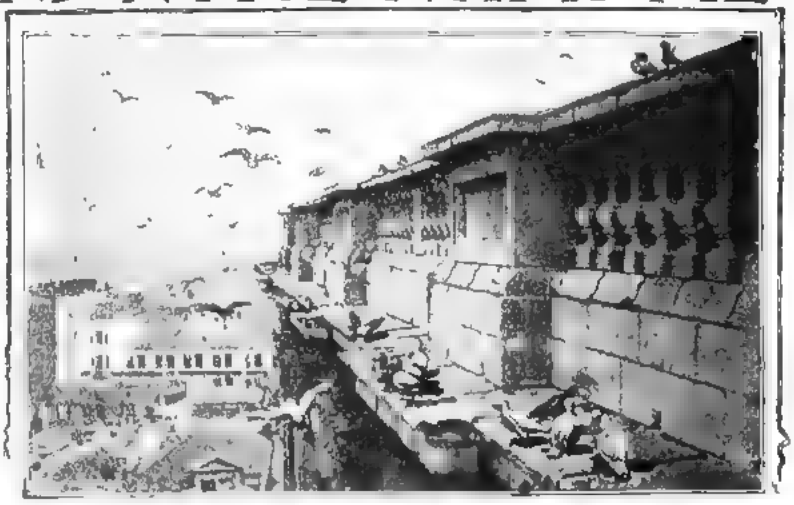
What had happened in our absence?

HE STRUCK THE INDIAN A TERRIFIC BLOW ON THE CHEST, THAT SENT HIM SPINNING OVER THE BRINK.

(To be concluded.)

THE LONDON PIGEON AT HOME

BY HARRY HOW



ST. PAUL'S—ON THE CORNICE—NORTH-EAST SIDE.

I HAVE recently been making a round of the principal places where the pigeons of the public most do congregate—the Temple, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, Custom House, British Museum, and Palace Yard, Westminster. It has been a delightful experience—the tour, for those who care to undertake it, is exceptionally cheap, and the amount of pleasure to be derived from it incalculably great.

My first visit was to the Temple, and here the birds have as pretty a rendezvous as the most fastidious pigeon could desire.

Could all the dead and gone King's Bench Walk pigeons of twenty-five years ago come back to their old haunt again, they would not find one of the most faithful of friends they ever possessed. Mr. Leggat has left the neighbourhood. Mr. Leggat kept a coffee-shop in Tudor Street, a thoroughfare not many yards away. He and his customers fed them for five-and-twenty years. For a quarter of a century the coffee-shop proprietor collected all the scraps which his patrons left over from their early breakfasts, and carried them to "his birds," who, in response to his whistle, would fly to him, fighting for the privilege of perching on his head, arms, and hands. A new generation of pigeons has arisen, however, and somebody else has, so to speak, taken them under his wing.

THE TEMPLE PIGEONS.

Fountain Court is not a stone's throw from King's Bench Walk. It is a charming spot, so perfectly unlegal. At all times of the day you will find the birds clustered round the edge of the fountain, standing gracefully on the circle of stonework, and admiring themselves in Nature's mirror. The pigeons of Fountain

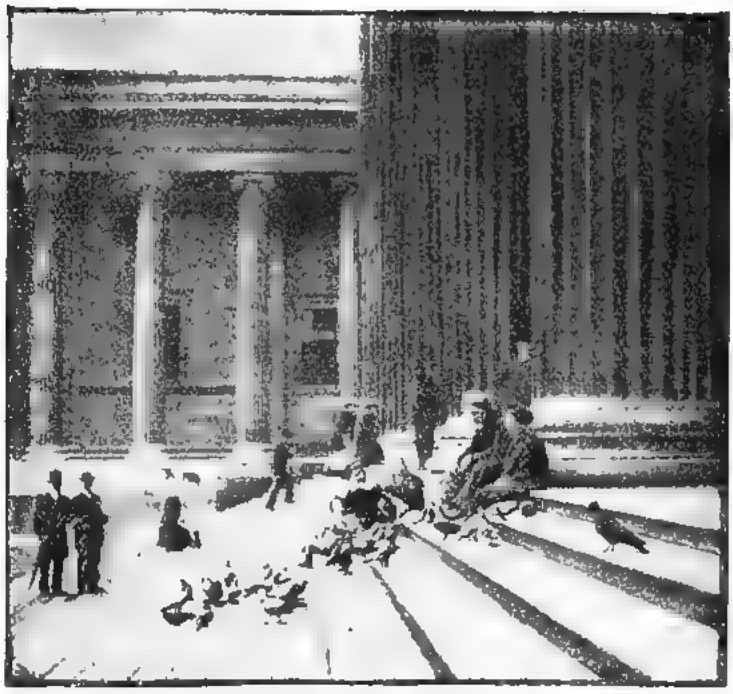
FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE.

Court are not without their own particular friend. If you just stand with your back to the fountain, and look up at the building immediately in front of you, you will observe that the window-sills of the rooms on the top floor provide a resting-place for a series of long, green boxes filled with flowers. Every morning, at nine o'clock, as though by magic, one of the windows opens. You hear a "ting-ting-ting." The Court is immediately filled with birds. They seem to come from everywhere,—from the houses at the back of Essex Court, the Library, the Old Hall—and they all take wing to the window-sills where the flowers are blooming. Then a figure appears. He has a plate in his hand, evidently filled with food, and for a long time he feeds the pigeons to their hearts' content. It is a big battle for grub. At last the pigeons have had their fill, and away they go to the fountain below.

It is generally admitted by students of the public pigeons that the tamest are to be found at the Guildhall, whilst the wildest are located at the Custom House Quay. In the courtyard of the former place, as many as 138 have been counted, and very few of them will refuse to gather at your feet—especially should you happen to have a handful of corn—although it may be a first introduction. I have seen many a young city clerk come here between twelve and two o'clock and feed the birds. Their wants, however, are not forgotten in a semi-official way. One of the officials at the Guildhall Police Court gives them numerous "handfuls," and the memory of old Rowe is still treasured as a friend of the birds. Old Rowe—who used to swear the witnesses in the justice room — had small water troughs placed in the yard, at his own expense, in order that his flock might drink. It was a kindly act, though the birds could drink to their fill at the fountain by the side of the church of St. Lawrence, Jewry. The birds build in the old parts of Guildhall and on the outside of many of the city churches. In the breeding season the young

CITY CLERK FEEDING PIGEONS AT THE GUILDHALL.

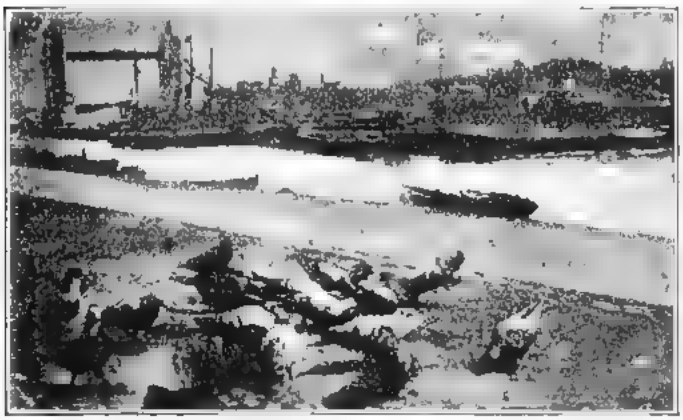
pigeons flutter to the ground and are stolen before they obtain strength to fly back again. One gratifying fact came to my knowledge whilst watching the Guildhall pigeons. Although all these birds at this and other places are "strays," and practically belong to the people, who for the most part feed them and care for them, yet when some of the birds were maimed by catapult shooting and such-like, the Corporation stepped in, claimed the pigeons, and prosecuted the offenders for cruelly treating their property.



BRITISH MUSEUM PIGEONS.

Whilst the pigeons are perfectly domesticated at the Guildhall, a visit to the Custom House will soon convince one that in most cases they are not so there. Of course, there are many birds here which trip quite contentedly about the gravel quay by the side of the river, but the constant shocks from the whistles of the steam tugs tend to make them wild. They appear to delight in perching on the barges and the rigging of the vessels; indeed, the three hundred and odd birds to be found here obtain most of their food from the barges which carry corn. No provision is made for them by the Custom House authorities, but the pigeons are well aware of the fact that on the Surrey side of the river is a big corn wharf, and to this haven of plenty many of them will migrate during the day, returning to roost under the sheltering ledges of the Custom House at night.

Seafaring folk are generally credited with being able to out-do all comers in the spinning of a yarn; and it is to be hoped that a jolly-looking lighterman was telling the truth when he assured me, without moving a muscle, that he had frequently taken a dozen pigeons for a trip up the river whilst they picked up the stray corn from the bottom of the barge, quietly unconscious that they were being carried away from home. He put it down to the steadiness with which he handled the great oars.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE PIGEONS.

In the words of an official: "Everybody feeds the pigeons at the British Museum, the visitors and readers particularly." The resident servants also find a few spare crumbs from the table, but there is certainly no official feeding. It seems that pigeons have colonised the neighbourhood of the British Museum for a great number of years, possibly longer than at any other public building in the metropolis. They have been increasing yearly till they now comprise some 250, and, unlike any other feathered colony,

ST PAUL'S PIGEONS

number amongst them many pure and thoroughbred wood pigeons. The presence of wood-pigeons here is regarded as quite an unusual thing.

Our informant said that, although he had been at the museum for thirty years, yet he never remembered the time when pigeons were not there, whilst an official of forty years' standing stated the same thing. Furthermore, it was stated by a man, who as a boy knew the museum before the collections were housed in the present building, that very few, if any, pigeons frequented Montagu House, but that pigeons established themselves at the Museum very soon indeed after the erection of the present building—that is to say, 1844-45.

The favourite haunt of the pigeons at Bloomsbury is apparently the steps of the main entrance, and many a

THE LUNCH HOUR

youngster is to be found there at all hours of the day provided with anything and everything in the way of food, from a Bath bun to a brandy-ball.

The great spot, however, to find the children is in the gardens which surround St. Paul's Cathedral. If you can find a seat—for they are generally fully occupied at midday—sit for an hour and watch the pigeons near

ST PAUL'S BEFORE THE NORTH DOOR.

ST. PAUL'S "THE PUBLIC ARE REQUESTED NOT TO FEED THE PIGEONS ON THE GRASS." BUT THE PUBLIC DO.

the fountain, or perched on the ledges of the sacred edifice, or clustered together in batches of fifty on the grass. Persuade one of their many friends to whistle, and you will see a hundred form themselves into a little cloud of wing and feather and fly down. They are the children's playthings: little mites of six and seven seat themselves on the asphalt pavement whilst the birds feed from their hands.

As an instance of how great is the love of many of these children for their feathered friends, the story is told of a little girl, who had daily given them food, being very ill in the hospital. She was constantly turning to the nurse and asking: "When shall I be able to see the pigeons, nursey?" She lay in her cot for some weeks, and when her mother took her home again, nothing would satisfy the child until they had taken her to the gardens. She screamed with delight; for, when she held out her hand with a biscuit, the pigeons came flocking round, and she cried out: "They know me again, mammy; they know me again!"

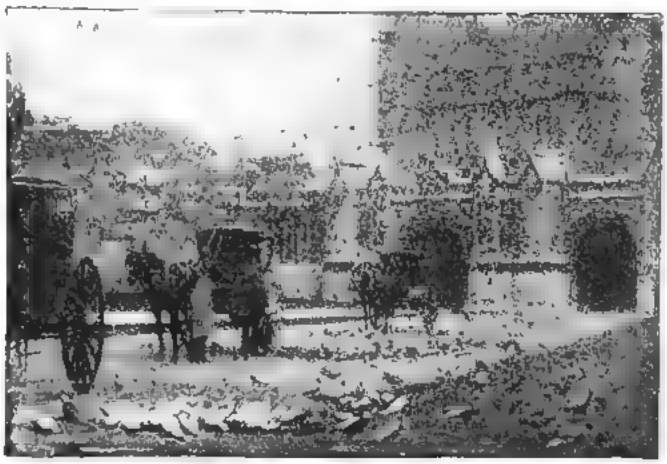
The pigeons of St. Paul's are altogether unlike any others. They number some four or five hundred. There are two or three distinct companies. There is a colony in the north-east garden, and a second at the west front. The "west-enders" never associate with the "north-easters," but keep themselves quite distinct and apart.

The gardener here, although he is rather inclined not to say anything in favour of them, for they do much to spoil his admirable floral work, is, nevertheless, not found waiting with a handful during the winter months when few of the public are here, and the policemen join him in the task.

ST. PAUL'S—WEST PORCH, WHERE THE PIGEONS FEED.

ST. PAUL'S—COURTYARD OF NORTH GATEWAY.

As at other buildings, the pigeons of St. Paul's Cathedral rest on the great cornices, where they have ample room to take their forty winks —if they indulge in them—whilst a very popular breeding-place is inside the west porch, a picture of which is shown here. At the time this photo was taken a well-made nest was in a corner, containing a couple of young birds.



THE PIGEONS OF PALACE YARD.

One of the pleasantest hours I passed with the pigeons and their friends was at Palace Yard, Westminster. No wonder the birds come to this spot—everybody takes an interest in them. The sparrows have an inkling of the kindly treatment to be found here, and join in the banquet which is set forth on the stones of Palace Yard.

The birds principally breed and build at the Abbey and the Victoria Tower, though a few are to be found behind the statues of the kings and queens alongside the residential portion of the yard. I had just learnt from a policeman that a couple of jackdaws had ere now stolen the pigeons' eggs; he had seen the thieves perched on the very summit of the Clock Tower looking very wicked. Certainly a pigeon is no match for a jackdaw in cunning.

A high police official has kept a kindly eye on them for the last ten years, and talks most enthusiastically. He has known a pigeon remain at this spot—the Inner Court—for five years, and he, too, remembers a swallow here as recently as ten or eleven years ago. The bird made a nest in one of the square places leading up to the committee's corridor. He has a very generous word to say for the cabbies. He seems to know every bird, for he points them out one after the other, and tells me the length of time they have been at Westminster. Amongst the crowd are three or four without any tails—possibly from shooting matches. Yes, the pigeons know where to find their firmest friends —to many of them Palace Yard is a haven of refuge. If you doubt it, seek out from the congregation a poor little bird with only one leg, and no foot to that. It may often be seen in the middle of the yard, picking up the corn in perfect contentment, for it is very well aware that the cabmen know it is there, and always drive with greater care when they approach the unfortunate little fellow.

PALACE YARD—
POLICE AND
THE PIGEONS.

GERMAN COLONIAL ISSUES.

ELSEWHERE in this issue of THE CAPTAIN I have alluded to a proposed new issue of stamps for the German Empire, which is to take place early this year. As the new issue will no doubt become general throughout the German colonies, my readers will be glad to learn something about a series of stamps which, although current for some two years or more, have remained in comparative obscurity. I refer to the issues for the following German colonies — Cameroons, German East Africa, German China, Marshall Islands, German New Guinea, German South-west Africa, and Togo.

The care which has been taken by the German postal authorities to avoid any speculation in their stamps is a great credit to them. For ten years a simple series of labels comprising six values has done duty for an empire numbering over fifty million souls, and never a jubilee issue, or other philatelic catchpenny, has emanated from the Fatherland. I am informed that the postmasters of the various colonies receive strict injunctions not to sell the surcharged stamps to dealers or collectors, but to limit their sale to actual postal requirements.

This being so, and considering that a new issue is forthcoming, it is not surprising that collectors are seeking for these surcharged German colonial stamps, with a view to completing their sets before they become obsolete. Following I give a list of the colonies, their geographical bearings, and the varieties current.

CAMEROONS.—This will be found on the west coast of Africa, situated between the Niger territory and the French Congo. The present stamps are but six in number, consisting of the 3, 5, 10, 20, 25 and 50 pfennig stamps of Germany, surcharged "Kamerun," diagonally, in black.

GERMAN EAST AFRICA is situated on the east coast of Africa and has a population of between two and three millions. The first issue of stamps took place in 1893, and consisted of the current German issues surcharged with new values in the currency of the country —pesas, (64 pesas = 1 rupee = 1s. 4d.). The following were the values: 2 pesas on 3 pfennig; 3 pesas on 5 pfennig; 5 pesas on 10 pfennig; 10 pesas on 20 pfennig; 25 pesas on 50 pfennig. In 1896 the diagonal overprint "DEUTSCH OSTAFRIKA," in black, was added, so that the total varieties to date number ten.

GERMAN CHINA.—These are stamps for use in Kiao Chaw and the Chinese Treaty Ports. The surcharge is simply the one word "China," diagonally, in black. All six values so surcharged are obtainable.

MARSHALL ISLANDS.—A chain of islands to the north-east of Australia. Only two stamps have been used there at present, the 10 pfennig and 25 pfennig German issues, surcharged "Marshall-Inseln" in black.

GERMAN NEW GUINEA, or Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, is the north-east portion of the island of New Guinea in Oceania. Four stamps are current, the 5, 10, 20, and 50 pfennig issues of Germany surcharged "Deutsch Neu-Guinea," in two lines, in black.

GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA is situated on the Atlantic, near Bechuanaland. There are two distinct issues of stamps, consisting of a difference in the setting of the surcharge. The 3, 5 10, and 20 pfennig stamps were first surcharged "Deutsch Sudwest-Africa," in black. Quite recently the surcharge has been altered to "Deutsch Sudwestafrika"; the 3, 5, 10, 20, and 50 pfennig stamps being so surcharged.

TOGO is a German protectorate on the slave coast, Upper Guinea, between Dahomey and Ashanti. The six current stamps of the German Empire are in use, surcharged "Togo," diagonally, in black

All the above colonial stamps will doubtless become obsolete on the appearance of a new issue for the mother country. A complete collection should not be difficult to obtain, but those desiring it should be getting to work early.

ANTIOQUIA.

OUR NATIONAL COLLECTION.

FOLLOWING upon the information given in the December issue of THE CAPTAIN, the *London Philatelist* contains a short article on the Tapling Collection from the pen of Mr. Bacon, who has arranged it.

Mr. Bacon informs us that he has now completed the arrangement of the collection. The trustees of the British Museum have adopted a suggestion which has been made to them for exhibiting larger portions of the collection at one time than has hitherto been possible. The system it is proposed to adopt consists of employing a number of cabinets with small drawers. Each of these drawers will be covered with plate glass, and will only pull out sufficiently to allow of the examination of the sheets of stamps it contains. The cabinets will be built upon precisely the same lines as those which are now in use at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, for the display of butterflies and moths, except that the drawers will be shallower. These cabinets, when finished, will be placed in the King's Library, and anyone entering that part of the museum will be allowed to inspect whatever portion of the collection he chooses; and this he will himself be able to do by simply pulling out and shutting the drawers containing the stamps of the countries he desires to see. It will be some time before the cabinets are ready to receive the stamps, but when completed the arrangement of the collection will be of the highest service to all classes of stamp collectors. Many a schoolboy will then be able to inspect for himself precious labels, which, previous to his visit to the British Museum, he has only been able to dream about.

BOLIVIA.

We would suggest that headmasters take their pupils to the museum for an afternoon's study of the Tapling Collection of postage stamps; pointing out to them the advantages to be derived from close acquaintance with the study of philately.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

The Editor will be glad to receive, from correspondents at home or abroad, reports of new issues for description in these pages. Due acknowledgment will be given. Whenever possible, the information should be accompanied by a specimen, or specimens, of the stamps referred to, which will be returned.

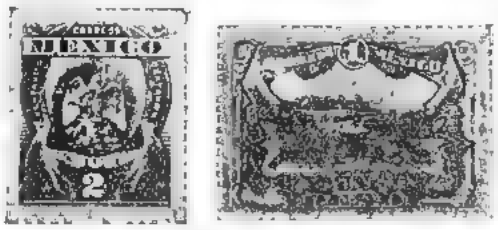
ANTIOQUIA.* — A series of commemorative labels has been issued to perpetuate the memory of General Cordova, who, had he lived, would have rejoiced in the age of 102!

I give an illustration of one of the stamps, and a list of the various values: ½c. blue, 1c. blue, 2c. brown, 3c. vermilion, 4c. brown, 5c. green, 10c. vermilion, 20c. violet, 50c. olive, 1 peso greenish grey, 2 pesos bronze green. Registration stamp, 2½c., oblong, blue. "Too late" letters, 2½c. blue; Insured letters, 10c. mauve on lilac.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC. — The new stamps which were illustrated last month have been added to, so that the new Argentine stamps form one of the prettiest sets which are at present in use. The following is the complete list of values and colours: ½c. brown, 1c. pale green, 2c. slate grey, 5c. deep rose, 10c. deep green, 12c. pale blue, 16c. orange, 20c. lake, 24c. mauve, 30c. rose, 50c. blue, 1 peso black and deep blue, 5 pesos black and orange, 10 pesos black and green, 20 pesos black and red.

* Stamps for illustration and description received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.

BOLIVIA.*—South America is strong in new issues just now. This is another republic which has just been supplied with a new set of stamps. I illustrate the 2c. value. The portrait in the centre is that of General Sucre. The set comprises: 1c. dull blue, 2c. red, 5c. deep green, 10c. orange, 20c. rose, 50c. bistre brown, 1 Boliviano dull mauve.



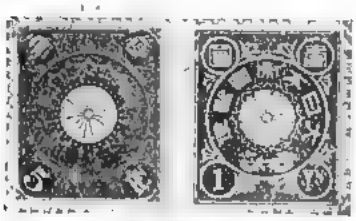
MEXICO NEW ISSUE.

CANADA. — Mr. H. Bradford has sent me a new post-card bearing a 1c. stamp with a space reserved for advertisements. The card, Mr. Bradford says, is limited in use to large firms who order quantities. 1c. rose on straw.

FRANCE AND FRENCH COLONIES.—A complete new issue of stamps is announced to take place shortly. In the meantime the 5c. stamps of both the mother country and her colonies have been changed from deep green to *yellow*-green.

GERMANY. — For ten years our neighbours have preserved the same modest series of six stamps for use throughout the German Empire. Some new values, including 40 and 80 pfennig stamps, and higher values up to 5 marks, are to be issued, and it is further announced that on January 1st, 1900, a new design will be brought into use for Germany and colonies, consisting of a bust representing "Germania." Why not the "mailed fist rampant"?

JAPAN.*—A splendid series of new stamps has recently been issued for the Great Sun-source country, two values of which, the 5 rin and 1 yen, are illustrated. It may not be generally known that the umbrella device in the centre of all Japanese stamps of late issue is a "chrysanthemum," part of the Mikado's arms. The values and colours are as follows: 5 rin grey, 1 sen salmon, 2 sen green, 3 sen marone, 4 sen rose, 5 sen orange yellow, 8 sen olive green, 10 sen blue, 15 sen mauve, 20 sen orange red, 25 sen pale green, 50 sen brown, 1 yen carmine. (100 sen = 1 yen = 4s. 6d. British currency.)


JAPAN NEW ISSUE.

MEXICO. — Messrs. Bright & Son have sent me a handsome set of new stamps, two values of which I illustrate. The following are the values and colours: 1c. green, 2c. vermilion, 3c. ochre, 5c. blue, 10c. mauve and orange, 15c. lilac and brown, 20c. red and blue, 50c. lilac and black, 1 peso blue and black.

PERSIA.* — Owing to large thefts of stamps from the General Post Office at Teheran, the current stamps have been printed on greyish paper instead of white. The colours of the high values have, however, been entirely altered, and are now: 1 kran lake, 2 krans green, 3 krans lilac, 4 krans orange-brown, 5 krans olive, 10 krans blue, and 50 krans brown.

SAMOA has been handed over to Germany, and in consequence the current set of German labels has been overprinted "Samoach" in black. For another addition to "Germany and Colonies," see page 286.

SIAM.* — I illustrate a new design which has been adopted for this country. The full set consists of the following: 1 att blue, 2 atts green, 3 atts red and blue, 4 atts rose, 8 atts green and yellow, 10 atts indigo, 12 atts lilac and carmine, 24 atts lilac and blue, 64 atts lilac and brown.

SIAM.

SPAIN.*—Two changes of colour have taken place here, the 5c. from blue to green, and the 10c. from brown to red.

SPAIN.

TIMOR & MACAU, two Portuguese colonies, have just issued some provisional stamps, specimens of which are to hand from Messrs. Bright & Son, and one value of which I illustrate. The surcharge is in black on all values.

TIMOR AND MACAU.

* Stamps for illustration and description received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.

An Adventure with a Man-Eater.

By H. Hervey. Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

Duty took me to Paddakka, a native city, but a miserable out-of-the-way place for the handful of Europeans who vegetated rather than existed there in a chronic state of deadly-liveliness. It was notoriously feverish, lying as it did immediately to the north of the Pullybally Jungle, and exposed to the miasmatic exhalations from that region whenever the south wind listed to blow. The railway station was three miles to the west of the city and European cantonments. It was distressfully dull. I had been before, and I knew the local exiles to be a humdrum set—without a "kick in them," so to speak. Therefore, on alighting at the railway station from the evening local train, I rejoiced to see Sparkes on the platform. He was an officer of the company. I had met him some years ago on this very line, and I remembered him as a happy-go-lucky, jerky-of-speech, devil-may-care young fellow, but for all that good-hearted and a thorough gentleman. Since we last met I had been serving in North India, and Sparkes, who was then on probation, had developed into a full-fledged district traffic manager, though I soon found out he was the same casual sort of chap as of old.

"Halloa, Sparkes! How are you?"

"Hervey, by all the powers!" shaking me warmly by the hand. "Delighted to see you! So you are not stuck in Madras?"

"No, I'm still on the move. But what are you doing here? I thought you were on the western line somewhere."

"So I am. Sent up to Cooty to relieve Blessington Naylor—run home on privilege leave. Come down here to have a look round. By Jingo! Here's a rum start, though," pointing to the P.W. inspector, who was speaking to him when I interrupted.

"What's a rum start?"

"Tiger on the line."

"Tiger on the line? Where?"

"In the Pullybally Jungle; pounced on the Lurraky Bridge night watchman a week ago; pounced on his successor at the same spot last night."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir," now spoke up the Eurasian inspector, "it's a man-eater—lately come—a thin, mangy beast. The Lurraky villagers are in a panic, and when I was there to-day, making inquiries, they begged me to stay and shoot it. Not a ganger will take the night watchman's duty at the bridge, though it means promotion."

I knew the bridge to be situated in the worst part of the jungle, about a mile from the village referred to; it was an old two-arch affair, spanning a river very subject to sudden freshets. The monsoon had broken, and the water had been known, during previous seasons, to rise

above the parapet; so a night watchman was necessary, as the only two trains—mails—both passed the spot during the dark hours.

"Within the last month, sir," continued the inspector, "the tiger has been frequently seen by drivers and guards of passing trains. Last week, immediately after the first man was killed, I went down by the mail, when I saw the tiger lying on the permanent way, and we nearly ran over him. He does not show by day, but seems quite fearless by night."

"What will you do?" I asked, turning to Sparkes.

"Go down and shoot the beggar; will you come?"

"When?"

"To-night."

"How? On foot? It's a good ten miles, isn't it?"

"Hang it! No; we'll do better than that."

"On a trolly, eh?"

Sparkes pondered. "What have you in there?" he suddenly asked the inspector, and indicating a shed on the other side of the line.

"An old engine, sir, that used to assist the down trains before the gradients were modified. It has not been used for years."

"Why has it been left here, then?"

"Mr. Tredethlin thinks it is not worth the haulage to the shops, sir; the boiler is on its last legs."

"Any drivers or fellows in the running shed?"

"No, sir," grinned the inspector. "They've long since been withdrawn, and the shed is closed."

"Hang it all! Never mind; we'll run the thing ourselves! Get some men together, Mendez," he added to the inspector, "to coal and water her. Come on, Hervey! Let's go and have a squint at the old kettle; if she holds water, we'll boil her up in a jiffy!"

"What on earth are you going to do, Sparkes?" for, not being a railway man, his jargon puzzled me.

"Fill her, and fire her up in the first place."

"Fill what, and fire what up?"

"The old engine."

"What for?"

"We'll run her to the Lurraky Bridge to-night after the up mail passes, and try and wipe out the varmint."

Here was something that promised to be exciting. Not only the novelty of going after a man-eater on a locomotive, and perhaps shooting him from the footplate, but the consciousness that our boiler was on its "last legs," and might "bust up" at the smallest pressure! I became inoculated at once!

Not so the grey-haired inspector: he stood aghast on hearing Sparkes' proposal. "Who is to drive the engine, sir?"

"Drive her myself," replied Sparkes, lightly. "Hang it! I've not been in this company for eight years without learning something of engine driving, have I?"

"But, sir," continued the subordinate, "consider the state of the boiler—it may burst; then think of the consequences. I beg you to pause, sir, before running the risk."

"Confound it, Mendez! I know what I'm about; so don't you fret. Collect the men sharp, and bring them across," leaping down on to the metals; I following. Mendez had only to whistle, and a number of gangers speedily assembled. The engine seemed sound enough, but then we were not professionals; Mendez knew no more than Sparkes of locomotives, while such machines were out of my line altogether. Procuring feeders and oil from the station, we had her well lubricated and cleaned; then filled, coaled, and the fire set going. As soon as the gauge indicated that steam was up, Sparkes and I, who had partaken of dinner in the meanwhile, mounted the engine; he depressed the handle, and, to our satisfaction, the "old kettle" slowly trundled herself into the open. We backed her into the shed again, to await the passing of the two night trains, which would not happen till eleven o'clock, and adjourned to the station to while away the interval, for there was no sleep in us.

"I say!" exclaimed Sparkes, "we shall want a bait!"

"Ask Mr. Mendez; the gangers are sure to have a goat or a dog, or something," I said.

"Heart alive!" ejaculated my friend. "You forget; it's a man-eater we have to deal with. He'd turn up his nose at anything but a human being!"

"True, I had forgotten. But how are you going to fix up a human bait?" I asked.

Mendez was summoned, and on his appearing, Sparkes said: "We want a man for a bait, Mendez. Hang it! The tiger, if he's a man-eater won't look at anything else."

Mendez stared with all his eyes. "With due deference, sir," said he, after a pause of bewilderment, "do you think anyone will consent to be a bait?"

"We'll bowl the tiger over before he does the chap any harm. Not much chance of all three of us missing him, is there? I'll give the feller one hundred rupees for his trouble."

Mendez laughed outright in spite of himself, and the idea appeared to me also quixotic in the extreme.

"Sir, you will get no native to risk his life in

WE GAVE THE "BAIT" A HOIST UP INTO THE TREE.

such a manner for ten thousand rupees. But I have a proposition to make."

"Well, out with it."

"There's a big tree at this end of the bridge, sir; a man might be induced to sit in the tree, out of harm's way, in the topmost branches, and make a noise, which would attract the tiger."

"Happy thought! Look out for the feller at once, and promise him the hundred rupees."

No! Not one of the men would undertake the risk, and Sparkes was lapsing into despair when Mendez reappeared with an East Indian lad, one of the railway telegraph signallers, who expressed himself willing to represent the "bait."

"You're a brick!" exclaimed Sparkes delightedly. "We'll see you safe in the tree, and will take you off again as soon as we've shot the brute. But whether we do or not I promise you the hundred rupees."

Well, first the down, then the up mail duly passed through, and, as the tail light of the latter vanished round the curve, we boarded our engine, and, accompanied by Mendez, the "bait," and three gangers to act as firemen, off we started. Oh, the exhilarating sensations of that midnight ride! The moon shone full; the night was calm; the line, in its ascent of the incline, meandered like a snake through the dense jungle. The excitement engendered by the situation—the off-chance of the boiler blowing up—invested the entire adventure with a well-nigh delirious fascination! The engine behaved well, and clanked along merrily; Sparkes seemed to know what he was about, and nothing transpired to alarm us. Our rifles were slung across our shoulders, our bandoleers encircled our bodies, and we looked ahead in the expectation of meeting with some wild denizens of the thick jungle that grew down to the very telegraph poles on both sides of the track. We proceeded slowly at first, so as to give the mail plenty of time to make an offing; but when we had traversed about five miles Sparkes "let her have it," and we flew along at express speed. The old locomotive swayed and plunged along on the metals; the trees and poles raced past us like so many spectres from another world; we clutched the rails, and, before we knew where we were, a turn in the line brought us within sight of our destination — the Lunaky Bridge. As Mendez had stated, there stood the tree; we pulled up abreast of it, and, descending with the "bait," we gave him a hoist up, and returned to the engine.

"I say!" called Sparkes to the lad. "Mind you hold on like grim death. Don't be funky; we shan't be more than about fifty yards off. Mr. Mendez says the tiger isn't afraid of a train, so I don't suppose the sight of the engine close by will scare him. See?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right! But, I say, what's your name?"

"John, sir."

"John what?"

"John John, sir."

"Oh, hang it! Two Johns are too much; I'll christen you Demijohn. Look here, when we sheer off you must set to and sing—to attract the tiger, you know."

"What shall I sing, sir?"

"Oh, confound it! Anything; the tune the cow died of, or the old hundredth if you like. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Sparkes hereupon reversed his engine, and we backed till we again halted about fifty paces

from the tree. A deep silence reigned, the forest was singularly quiet, the moon shone as bright as day nearly; we strained our ears to catch the least sound in the thicket, and then Sparkes spoke. "Hi! You in the tree there!"

"Sir!" came the low response.

"Sing, can't you, you duffer?"

The lad obeyed. For now the well-known strains of "Hard times come again no more," in the boy's shrill, yet sweet voice, broke the stillness, and we could scarcely refrain from joining in the chorus. We leaned over the rail, listening to the song, and keeping watch on all sides. One of the gangers touched me on the arm. "Look, sir!" whispered he in the vernacular, pointing to a spot where a small *nullah* debouched on to the track. I nudged Sparkes in turn; we saw the head and shoulders of a tiger clear of the undergrowth, gleaming in the bright rays of the moon.

"Steady!" whispered Sparkes. "Let him come out; let's make sure he is the brute we're after."

The animal was closer to the tree than to us. The lad continued his singing; evidently he had not noticed the tiger. Stripes regarded the tree attentively for some seconds, then turned and looked at the engine, that simmered gently. He now came out into the open and paused; we obtained a good view of him, and Mendez whispered that he *was* the man-eater. "I recognise him by his leanness, sir," he said to Sparkes. "Better fire now."

Before anyone of us could raise rifle to shoulder, the tiger bounded across the metals. The lad now saw him with a vengeance; his tune changed abruptly, for, dropping "Mary Blane," which he was in the middle of, he set up a lugubrious howl of fear, followed by appeals to us and every saint in the Roman Catholic calendar to come to his aid. The animal squatted under the tree, and gazed up among the branches; he was in a patch of moonlight, and offered a splendid target.

"At the shoulder," whispered Sparkes to me and Mendez. "Let fly at the word 'Go'!"

But, as we held our breath preparatory to pulling trigger, there came a crashing sound, and, before we could realise it, the lad John tumbled down from his perch literally into the jaws of the tiger beneath him. We could just see the brute seize the poor boy and commence to drag him away; then for a moment all became confused. Quick as thought Sparkes sprang off the engine. I and Mendez followed, and now the question presented itself—how to fire at the beast without injuring the lad? With foolhardy rashness we rushed up to the animal, which slowly but surely dragged his victim towards the undergrowth. The lad shrieked and struggled; but the big cat held him by the right shoulder, so the unfortunate fellow could not do much. We hesitated to fire. Unless we reached some mortal spot, we should render him even more dangerous; he might, in his agony, rend the lad to pieces; he might release his present victim, and make a new one of one of us! Truly those were terrible moments! At length fortune favoured us. The tiger, in his efforts to carry off his burden, endeavoured to toss it over his shoulder, in the manner usual to his species. The act exposed his fore-quarter, but only momentarily. That moment sufficed, for, before

JOHN TUMBLED DOWN FROM HIS PERCH LITERALLY INTO THE JAWS OF THE TIGER BENEATH HIM.

he could alter his position, Sparkes and I fired.

With a roar that echoed through the silent forest the brute relinquished his prey, dropped on his side, and, after a few kicks, gasped out his life with two bullets clean through him.

Beyond a lacerated shoulder the boy John was not seriously injured. We made every haste back to Paddakka. Sparkes wired for the railway apothecary, and by eight the next morning the lad had been properly attended to, eventually to recover completely

Sparkes' exploit created no small stir. Any other man would have got into "hot water" for doing what he did in the matter of that engine. Nay, he fully expected a "wigging," or something worse, as soon as Mr. Maggs, his supreme chief, heard of the escapade. But he took time by the forelock, and propitiated the great man by sending him the skin of the man-eater—mangy as it was—as a memorial of how Sparkes rid the railway of a man-eater that had carried off two night watchmen in succession!

THE LAD SHRIEKED AND STRUGGLED, BUT THE BIG CAT HELD HIM BY THE SHOULDER.

A BOY KING.

HIS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

TWELVE years ago, in a room of the palace at Madrid, a tiny boy-baby lay on a costly cushion, frilled with priceless lace, that rested upon a richly-chased salver carried by no less a person than a princess of Spain.

The princess was the Infanta Isabella, aunt of Alfonso III.—the baby-boy was that new-born monarch himself.

"I AM ALFONSO ONLY TO MY MOTHER!"

Carefully the Infanta bore her charge towards a group of embarrassed gentlemen, and delivered the salver to one of them—Señor Sagasta, the Spanish Minister. That nervous dignitary clutched the platter tightly—for he held the future of Spain between his hands—and exhibited the pink little morsel to his colleagues, crying in a discreetly-moderated undertone, "Long live the King!" to which the bystanders responded, less cautiously, with a couple of "*Vivas!*" which so startled his infantile majesty that he burst into bitter wailing, and was borne off, silver platter, cushion, lace and all, back to his royal mother.

To-day that little pink morsel is a slight, pale, delicate lad of twelve years, with fair hair, rather inclined to curl, and gentle blue eyes, Alfonso III. is the youngest of the earth's rulers, so young, in fact, that he is as yet only King by the letter of the law, and his mother, the Queen Regent, governs in his name. Yet he knows his royal dignity, and, if it inconveniences him at times, can defend it with a right kingly hauteur. A year or two since—when his youthful majesty was not more than ten, if so much—he had a severe cold, which confined him to his apartments, preventing him from enjoying his usual daily drive. The royal indisposition had continued for some days when the Count de Morphi, a Spanish nobleman of Irish birth, and private secretary to the Queen Regent, went to inquire after the

King's health. "Good morning, Alfonso," said the Count, with not unkindly familiarity, "I hope you are feeling better to day."

The pride of the ten-year-old monarch was stung by that informal "Alfonso," and drawing himself up with extreme coldness and dignity, the little king retorted :—

"I am Alfonso only to my mother ; I am the King to you."

History has not preserved the count's reply.

But there is another side than this to the character of Alfonso III. The palace at Madrid is a barrack-like structure, without garden, park, or lawn to lend it shelter or render it beautiful. Below, and not far off, is a wide shallow ditch, the famous Manzanares. One day, when the King was not more than six years old, he happened to be perched at a window of the palace, doubtless feeling terribly bored. Suddenly he saw a couple of jolly little Spanish urchins playing in the Manzanares ditch. Alfonso summoned his governess.

"What are they doing?" he inquired, pointing to the lads below.

"Making mud pies, your Majesty," explained the governess, after an inspection of the busy figures and their occupation. Alfonso descended from the window.

"I will go down and make mud pies too," he decided. Poor young King—he had to learn the truth of that old proverb (so cruel when it is used to fetter childish wrists!) that "rank imposes responsibilities."

But if other boys are not allowed to play with Alfonso—and Spanish court etiquette absolutely forbids the idea—he is fortunately allowed to play with them. The distinction is a fine but a fortunate one. It allows the little monarch to possess a perfectly drilled and uniformed regiment of boys, four hundred and fifty in number and supplemented by an excellent band—also of boys.

This regiment is Alfonso's greatest treasure, and however dull the business of being a King may be at times, there is little doubt that such a living plaything would reconcile most boys to the drawbacks of professional monarchy.

Alfonso loves soldiers —the grown-up variety as well as the small make-believe one—and no wonder, for he has a splendid mounted body-guard of his own, a detachment of which rides on each side of his carriage when he goes out driving. Small marvel that he is a warlike little soul! At all events he has as great an attachment for the Spanish flag as any middy on a British cruiser can have for the Union Jack. This feeling on the part of his patriotic majesty afforded a striking pose to the famous Spanish sculptor, Señor Querol, who had been commissioned to execute a statue of the child king.

Finding it difficult to hit upon an attitude for his model which should be at once spirited and natural, he stood one day studying the young monarch, who, in his turn, sat looking out of the window. Suddenly the strains of martial music floated to the ears of the King and the sculptor. The former sprang up eagerly as a stand of colours was borne along the street at the head of a marching regiment. "The flag, señor, the flag!" cried the King; "salute it!" and himself set the example. The watchful artist took the hint, and made the statue to represent Alfonso in the act of saluting his country's banner.

It was with regard to this statue that Alfonso took occasion to define his ideal of manly beauty.

"Are you going to make me big?" he asked the sculptor.

"The statue will represent your Majesty a little larger than you are at present," was the reply.

"Well," said the five-year-old monarch, "I want you to make me very big, señor, and to give me a long moustache!"

Evidently Alfonso had to learn once again that there are limits to a boy-king's authority. At least, it may be presumed so, for Señor Querol's statue has no moustache, and is not much above a yard high.

In spite of his fondness for soldiers, and his ambition to be very big and moustached like a musketeer, Alfonso is a kind-hearted little king. Some two years ago he was taken to see his first bull-fight. It was much against his mother's wish, but there was little or no choice, for bull-fighting is the national sport, and a Spanish King, young or old, must countenance it if he is to gain and keep the popularity without which a seat on the Spanish throne might prove somewhat insecure. So Alfonso sat in the royal box—an interested spectator of the gorgeous preliminary "show." But when the fighting commenced in sickening earnest, and the bull began to gore the horses with his cruel horns, Alfonso turned very pale, and, stricken with boyish horror, begged to be taken from the theatre. The Madrilenos looked and scowled ; their hearts were harder than that of the gentle child that a stern destiny had set to "govern" them. If Alfonso had not been so young he might have shaken his throne with that outburst of noble disgust and pain.

He has rather finely-strung nerves, has Alfonso, as one would guess from the incident just narrated. This sensitiveness shows itself frequently in quaint fashions. He once went to

church in the usual royal state, to find that the ordinary preacher had fallen sick and that a new priest occupied the pulpit. The substitute —unused to court fashions—delivered a fervid and impassioned sermon. Soon Alfonso's nerves could stand it no longer; he rose abruptly, and suggested to his mother that the preacher be stopped forthwith. "I never heard anyone shout so in my presence before," he added indignantly.

His Majesty can handle a difficulty with firmness and tact. The Pope is his godfather, and having received an autograph letter from His Holiness, Alfonso made shift to answer it himself. His mother looked over the royal epistle and altered a misplaced capital, suggesting that a clean copy of the note be made. "Not at all," said His Majesty; "my godfather did not see the letter before you made that alteration, and so he won't know that I didn't make it myself. I shall send it as it is." And he did.

The tact with which His Majesty manages the Queen Regent gives place to more peremptory methods in the case of less august persons. Driving out one day with his governess, the little King grew tired of acknowledging the salutations of his subjects, and, to put it plainly, went on strike. His governess protested. Alfonso was firm. "Very well," said the lady at last; "if you do not obey me, I shall not allow you to go driving with me."

"Halt!" cried the King to the coachman. The carriage stopped.

"Here is a lady who wants to get down," said His Majesty, with provoking self-possession, indicating the governess.

Everyone smiled respectfully, the lady tried to look angry, and failed. Alfonso was master of the situation, and the cavalcade rode on again.

THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS SISTERS.

The slumbers of this child monarch are guarded by a remarkable body of men, known as Monteros del Espinosas. They all come from one village, the hamlet of Espinosas, which for centuries has had the sole privilege of furnishing the night watch of the palace. At eleven o'clock every evening the corps goes on duty, when the palace gates are closed by a splendidly attired official, who, armed with lantern and bunch of keys, goes the round with the Monteros, locking door after door as he goes.

HOW TO BOX.—II.

ATTACKING, COUNTER ATTACKING, Etc.

ON GUARD.

By JEM MACE, Jun.

In attacking, do not run or rush in upon your adversary, but gradually, by manœuvring, work your way well to within hitting distance; then strike out with all possible speed at the spot you intend to reach. Do not be too anxious to lead, unless you are pretty sure of getting home, as "counter" hits are generally the most telling. I do not mean by this that you are not to lead; for remember, in all contests and competitions for a limited number of rounds, it is the leading that counts, in which case, endeavour to be first. But when it is for endurance, remember the above advice, and stick to it.

The illustrations are meant to show the manner and position of the various hits, which I will now proceed to explain in detail.

No. 1.—This may be delivered in various ways; the important point is in judging your distance, the rest will depend very much upon circumstances. Having worked your way well to within hitting range, make a smart and well-directed blow straight at the head. Now follow me closely. If your adversary stops the blow with a *guard* only, the first thing to remember is that he is close to you and still within range. You can therefore repeat No. 1, or make No. 3 or even 4 or 5, whichever appears the most open to you. If your opponent steps back out of reach of your attack, you can still follow him up as above, for always bear in mind that *no man can fight retiring*; but, as a general rule, you will find it policy to step back also—thus saving your wind. If your opponent not only guards the attack, but simultaneously counters No. 1, you must convert your No. 1 into No. 1a, by using the right-hand head-guard, and retire again.

HIT NO 3.

No. 2.—This is of necessity a counter action. It would look very unsightly to see a man making a lead at the body, and at the same time using head-guard No. 1, although the same action would be very neat and appropriate if your opponent led a No. 1. Just try this with a friend, and remember to make the right-hand head *parry*, and drive the left home on the mark.

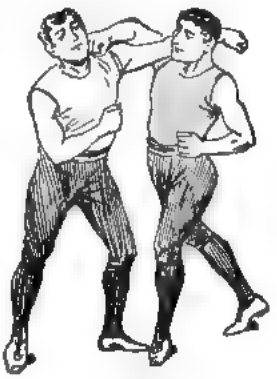
No. 3.—If you refer back to the introduction, you will see when this hit is to be used to the best advantage—that is, when the tendency of your adversary is to attack in the direction of the left eye, or even straighter at the head. If you have sufficient confidence to miss it by slipping the head to the right front, then by all means do it, thus: If I may so express it, as your opponent's left hand is travelling through the air in the direction of the intended spot, suddenly slip the head to the right front as aforesaid, step outside your opponent's left foot (so bringing your left foot outside and alongside of his), simultaneously landing your left fist just above the belt. This action, neatly executed, will have the effect of driving the wind out of your adversary, and cause him to throw up his hands, thus leaving him at your mercy.

No. 4.—We now come to the all-important and scientific knock-out blow. Before entering into the particulars of this, I must impress upon you the absolute necessity, in all counter or cross-counter hitting, of striking out simultaneously with your opponent's attack, when he will be coming forward to assist and receive your counter, otherwise half the effect of your blow will be lost.

Your opponent attacks your head, we will say, with an inclination towards the left eye. Here, then, is your opportunity. Let him come.

on; don't be too eager to strike out, and thus give yourself away, but, as he is lunging, make the following movement: (1) Raise your heels from the ground, make a sharp turn to the left—that is to say, twist yourself round on the ball of each foot—strike across your opponent's left arm, just in front of the shoulder on to the point of the jaw (see illustration No. 4), at the same time drawing the left shoulder back as far as possible, with the arm in the position (on guard), of a guard similar to the ordinary guard of the right; and if your aim has been sure, the battle will be over and the victory yours. Once more I will explain, more explicitly if possible. When standing on guard, you should be facing to your right half front; but when you have attempted the cross-counter, you should be facing to the left half front; exactly the reverse, excepting that the feet remain upon the same ground. The above combined movement should be made with a regular swing round.

The heavier the blow, the longer your opponent remains "out," more especially if he happens to have had his mouth open at the time. Remember this, and keep your mouth shut.



HIT NO. 4.

No. 5.—The movements for this counter are in every respect similar to those of No. 4, excepting that in turning or twisting to the left, you droop the knees and deliver the blow under the heart (as indicated on illustration).

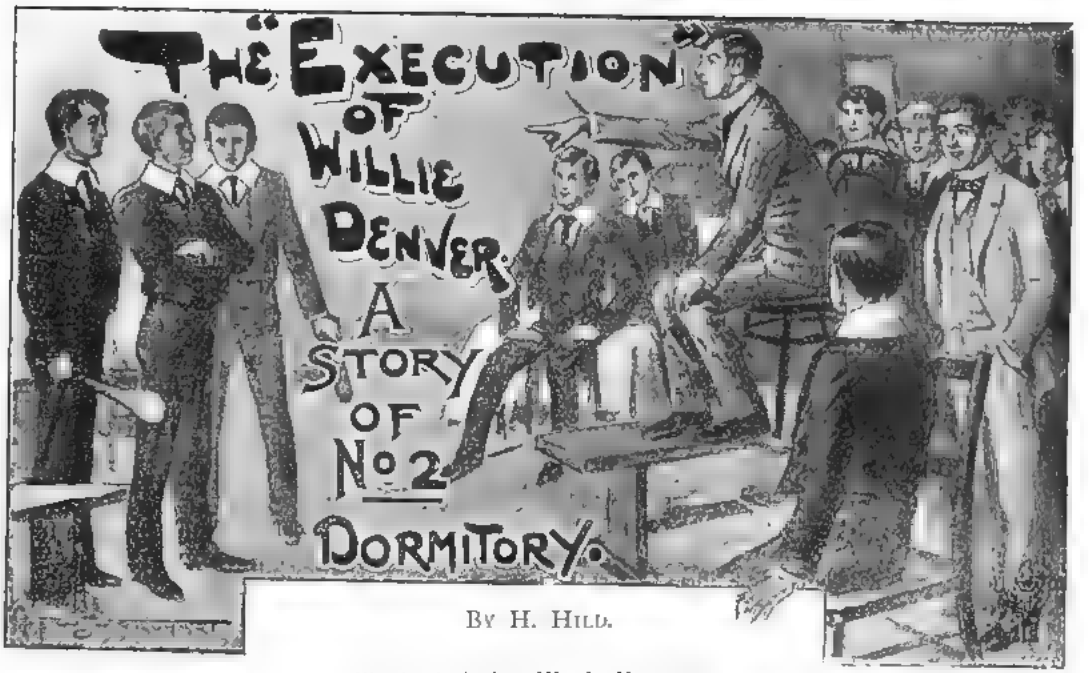
Notice the difference in the effect of hits "3" and "5." Before passing on to No. 6, it will be well to consider here, in connection with Nos. 4 and 5, the difference of height between yourself and your opponent, as you will find, if he is taller or even as tall as yourself, No. 5 will be much easier to get home than No. 4. Of course, much depends on circumstances. If he has a long neck and offers the head, go for it. That, of course, you can see directly he shapes himself. If, on the other hand, he is shorter than you, either No. 4 or No. 5 may be applied at will, No. 4 for choice. Again, if he is much shorter than yourself, No. 4 will be the best hit.

I do not lay this down as a rule, but the difference will at once be seen when you face your adversary. If he be the taller of the two, you will find a difficulty in crossing his left shoulder, to effectually reach the point of his jaw, whereas the left side of his body will be fully exposed to you, and on a level with your right hand.

No. 6.—As already explained in connection with this movement, I have introduced the left-hand head-guard, in order to avoid the unsightly "thick ear." For although you may be able to slip to the left or right, as the case may be, when your opponent aims at the side of the head, the difficulty is to slip sufficiently either way when the blow is aimed straight at the head. (Of course, this difficulty can be got over after some practical experience, but I am speaking to you as a learner). Therefore, instead of attempting the slip, try this: Parry the attack with your left arm by throwing it across the front of the body, momentarily covering the vision of the right eye, and force your opponent's arm upwards and to your left front, at the same time striking home under the heart with your right. If this be well done, it will extend the side of your adversary for the reception of the blow.

Parry, if possible, *behind the elbow*. The parry and blow should strike together.

Conclusion next month.



By H. Hild.

Illustrated by W. J Urquhart.

"PRISONER at the bar, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

William John Denver glanced round the crowded court-room—No. 2 dormitory of St. Dunstan's—and anxiously scanned the faces of the judge and the jury—the rest of the eleven inmates of No. 2—and saw there a bitter loathing, a fierce denunciation, an inexorable demeanour that boded no good to him.

William Denver was sixteen, rather short, according to the general average, bright-faced and intelligent, but with a certain doggedness about his appearance that plainly revealed a spirit that rebelled against all tyranny and the like of it. Thus he made an interesting prisoner.

"Prisoner at the bar, are you guilty or not? If you don't answer, Willie Denver, we'll make it warm for you."

Thus the stern strange words of the judge, a tall, dark-featured lad, by name Ernest Markham, who sat aloft on a chair placed on a low form which had been dragged from a corner to the centre of the room. All around sat the jury and witnesses, scattered promiscuously wherever a seat, whether bed or form, was obtainable.

Denver stood between two youths, who, in their characters of warders, or "*gendarmes*," as they styled themselves, fulfilled their office capably enough as far as facial expression went.

There was sensation in court when the accused answered firmly in the negative, and demanded a recapitulation of the charge and the hearing of the evidence.

"All right, Willie Denver, you pretty hypocrite!" ejaculated the unprejudiced and most upright judge. "You calculate you're putting this court to all the inconvenience you jolly well can. You reckon you aren't guilty and don't know what the charge is. You didn't have a hamper of goods—observe this prisoner's innocent face, gentlemen of the jury—and you didn't have it addressed to Smiley's, down town, so's we shouldn't know about it. And you never—you beautiful member of a respectable dormitory—you never got out first ball in the second innings against Fisher's eleven, so's you could scoot down and fasten on the luscious—ah!—contents of that hamper, and pack 'em all into that lovely, capacious mouth of yours without any help from us, now did you? Oh! William John Denver, when we think over it—when the awfulness of what you've done comes upon us, it well-nigh throttles us. We expected so much more from you—you—you glutton! We are ashamed of you, prisoner at the bar——"

"There isn't any bar," snapped the accused.

"Well, there's a prisoner anyhow," retorted the judge savagely. "You needn't think you'll have grounds for appeal because there's no bar. If you want a bar you can have one. I'm the bar."

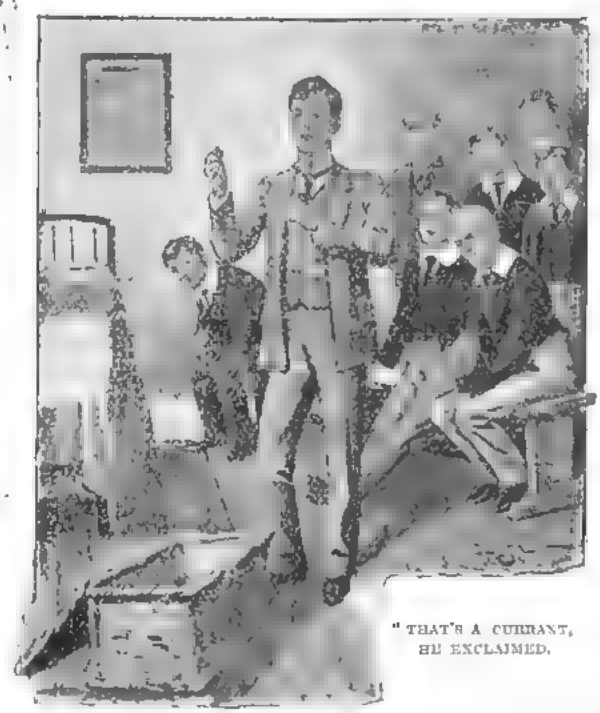
"You look it," remarked the prisoner very softly and very audibly.

There was a sensation again in court at the accused's daring, and a little titter, which was instantly suppressed.

"You were seen to enter Smiley's premises," Markham resumed, more fiercely, "and the contents of that package disappeared within an hour. Oh, chummies, think on it and weep—within an hour. Why I couldn't have polished them off myself in the time, and I'm a biggish eater."

"You'd have liked to have tried," suggested the prisoner, who was taking advantage of the new Act, and giving evidence on his own behalf in his own way, if riling the judge can be considered as favouring his own cause.

"Bring forth the evidence," thundered the judge, and instantly from under one of the beds was dragged into view a battered old basket hamper, lid awry and out of shape.



"THAT'S A CURRANT, HE EXCLAIMED.

"There you are, you picture of innocence! There's the evidence that you cannot answer—the fact—fact, mind you—that'll land you on the scaffold. Look here," and Markham stooped down and dipped his hand in the basket and held up an object. "That's a currant," he exclaimed, "and here's a squashed grape and a lump of candied peel. Now, what have you to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

"Simply this: that it's nothing at all to do with any of you, and you're all a pack of greedy porkers."

"Gentlemen of the jury, consider your verdict," shouted the judge.

"We have considered our verdict," said Dick Meredith, foreman of the jury. "We consider the prisoner guilty, and deserving of any sentence your lordship may deem fit to pronounce."

"Ha!" said the judge, his good humour returning. "Remove the prisoner while we discuss his fate. The sentence will be communicated to him in an hour from now, and it will probably be carried out at midnight tonight: it'll be full moon then. Get thee hence."

II.

THAT night, just as the moon dipped behind a great bank of clouds, a group of dark forms stole silently away from the school, keeping in the deeper shadows all the while and saying nothing. Not until the school-house was well out of sight did anyone speak, and then it was Judge Markham's official tones that first broke the stillness.

"Keep close hold of the greedy mongrel, boys; he's artful enough to dodge you in the dark. Don't give him a chance."

"You'll look a sweet lot if the doc's waiting for you when you get back," hinted the prisoner in an unconcerned voice.

"Have you been poaching?" inquired Meredith bitingly.

"Not I," said Willie. "I shouldn't like to do you all a bad turn. It might ruffle your beautiful tempers."

"If you have it'll go awful hot for you, William John," insinuated the judge. "Do you know what we're going to do with you?"

"I don't mind a ducking," remarked Denver by way of reply.

A general laugh broke out.

"You're wrong, you're heaps wrong," said Markham. "We aren't going to disturb no fishes with such a carcase."

Surely a judge is allowed a casual lapse into ungrammatical phraseology.

"I reckon you daren't hang me."

"We reckon we're not going to put in any hard work hauling you to a high tree branch.

THE TUBE WAS DIGGING PAINFULLY INTO HIS BACK, AND HE WAS JUST BEGINNING TO GET ANGRY.

There's not much of you, but you're heavy. No, you doomed mortal of a kid, what we're going to do with you to-night is something unique, something unparalleled, something that'll make your blood curdle and make you wish you'd never incurred the condemnation of No. 2 by such a mean, unwholesome job. Get along, boys."

Then followed a silence for about five minutes. The moon came out again, and lighted up the little band with their prisoner, bound and blindfolded in their midst. They branched off a roadway, and cut down a narrow lane. Some fifty yards down they halted at a low gate, and the party at once clambered over and entered a broad level field. It was very gusty, and the clouds were driving hurriedly and threatening rain.

Markham kept close to the edge of the field and passed on swiftly. He stopped suddenly before a long, dark object that stood motionless close to another black thing, which looked sinister and awe-inspiring in the alternate light and darkness. Markham did not hesitate. He stooped down behind the first object, and appeared to be unfastening something. Then, just as the moon shone again, he stood up and threw off the tarpaulin that concealed from view that which was underneath.

"There she is—isn't she a beauty?" he exclaimed. "Won't she just scatter little bits of Willie Denver all over the county, and the next one too! Tie him on!"

Then the prisoner realised his fate. Near the school was the practice ground of the local volunteer artillery corps. They often drilled there, and many a time the boys had slipped away and watched them. And many a heart had thumped as the forty-pounder boomed out.

"Do you take me for a Sepoy?" said Denver, undismayed yet, as they dragged him to the muzzle.

"A Sepoy's a decent animal beside you," muttered Meredith, driving the prisoner's back against the edge of the grim barrel.

"It's a brilliant sort of trick to play," said the prisoner, sprawling his leg out and upsetting one of the executioners.

"Wait till she goes off," muttered the downfallen, savagely. "That's where the brilliancy'll take place."

Denver made no reply. A sharp tug of his shoulders told him that he was tightly bound. The tube was digging painfully into his back, and he was just beginning to get angry. Up to the present he had held his temper in hand, but now he felt he could keep up very little longer. The joke was beginning to lose its humour.

Having tied him securely, the band came and stood in front of him. Denver heard Markham speak, and then felt the bandage drop from his eyes. He blinked for a moment or two, and could not make anything of the blurred scene. When it became more distinct, and he saw clearly the row of grinning faces, he jerked forward impetuously, and opened his mouth to speak, but Markham checked him.

"The brilliancy is overpowering him," the

judge said mockingly. "Better tie his mouth up a little."

Denver, as strenuously as he could, resisted the gagging process, and bit half-a-dozen fingers very sharply (judging from the savage comments on his vigour) before he was forced to give in. Bound, and one against a dozen, he could do little, and at last stood utterly helpless, yet still defiant in the face of his merciless executioners.

"I should like to load it and fire you off," said Markham pleasantly. "Only I daren't. Still, we'll do as much as we dare. We're going off to bed now. We'll rescue you in about three hours' time. And if you speak a word to the doc., or to anyone else about it, we'll—we'll—well, you'll see what'll happen unto you. Ta-ta, now, dear chappie!"

With mocking laughter the whole band took to their heels and fled, leaving their victim in his uncomfortable position, inwardly writhing, but outwardly calm and defiant.

The vengeful band were not long in reaching their dormitory. It was just half-past twelve; at about three o'clock Markham, who was going to keep himself awake with an exciting book, would rouse the others, and then they would sally out again and release the prisoner. The boys said little, and soon clambered into bed. The "judge" took up his book and sat down near the light, which was turned low and shaded. Sounds of heavy breathing soon became audible, and a slight snore or two. A quarter of an hour passed, and Markham still read on. The clock at St. Dunstan's Church close by just then struck once solemnly, and the echo rolled away across the country side. The sound had scarcely died into silence when from the distance there came to the judge's ears another sound, low, deep, and ominous—a sound that sent all the blood rushing from his face, and made him leap to his feet with a startled cry. Instantly everyone in No. 2 Dormitory was wide awake and staring at him.

And each one heard the rumbling echo, the echo of a heavy gun report!

III.

DENVER watched the vanishing group until the darkness swallowed them up. Then the cruelty of the situation came fully upon him. He had been unjustly accused, and this made his position all the more intolerable. He had not eaten or tasted a single article in the hamper; he had had it sent for Smiley's little crippled boy, who was an inmate of the local hospital, and would be for the rest of his days. This, however, he had been too proud to assert. He had treated the "trial" more or less as a joke, not dreaming of the consequences.

It had grown chilly, and his back was beginning to ache horribly. His shoulders were cramped, and pained him acutely. He moved desperately, but it seemed that the cords only closed more tightly about him. He stood on tip-toe and edged the bonds a little lower, and got a slight relief thereby. Then he found that he could slip his hands behind him and clasp his fingers together. Wriggling sideways, his

BOOM!

hand touched the cords that encircled his other arm, and hope rose in his breast.

He had to rest every now and then, for the strain was none too easy of endurance. Still, he persevered, and, after what seemed hours to him, felt the tightness give way a little. A big sigh of relief escaped his lips as he at length slipped his left arm through the cords. For a minute or two he leaned there panting, before recommencing the task. The releasing of the other arm was a simple matter, and in a very short time he stood quite free, and turned and looked at the gun. His face was very white and determined, and it would have gone badly with any of his persecutors had they been within reach of him at that moment.

Very deliberately then he moved to the back of the carriage to where the tarpaulin cover lay. He stooped down and picked up one end of it with the intention of replacing it over the gun, but felt it resist his touch. He gave it a sharp tug.

Boom!

Denver leaped with the suddenness of the report, and for a moment or two suffered the agony entailed by the complete loss of all presence of mind. His legs seemed to sink from under him, and the echoes scattering all around him were singing and hammering in his ears and his brain. The dazzling flash blinded him for a moment, and he could only lean against the carriage and gasp till his senses returned.

He recovered at last, and then with shaking hands lifted the tarpaulin and spread it over the still smoking gun. He tried to walk, but found it too much for him, and sat down. The awfulness of it drove all power out of his limbs, but it only quickened his brain a hundredfold. *He had been tied to a loaded gun!* Did the others know it? He could not believe so. The charge must have been left in by oversight. Suppose, by accident or design, one of the "executioners" had, in mock seriousness, pulled the string! He shuddered at the thought. How near to death he had been! Truly his life had depended on a hair.

He felt a little better after a while, and moved away towards the school. The cool night air revived him as he walked, and he became once more his old steady self. Denver reached the school and obtained admission by the secret means which only some few of the boys were aware of, and crept upstairs to the dormitory. He hesitated outside the door, and listened. He could hear low mutterings, and among them Markham's trembling, whimpering voice. He was having his revenge certainly, and he felt at first inclined to remain there and leave them in their terrible state of apprehension, but a fairer inclination moved him to quietly open the door and enter. No one observed or heard him. The jury were all crouched together around the "judge," and the moon was shining full upon as scared-looking a group of boys as ever it revealed to human gaze.

"You conscience-smitten gang of cads!"

The words smote the shivering band with a suddenness that was appalling. Each one jumped to his feet and stared in the direction of the speaker, and the terror depicted on their faces was intense—and comic.

Denver burst into a chuckling laugh. He could not help it. He felt no pity for them, and therefore the tableau was naught but a very funny one to him.

"You'd better go to bed, you lot," he said scornfully. "You'll be precious sleepy when the bell goes."

There was a minute's silence, and then Markham came shuffling forward.

"We're awfully sorry, Denver," he stammered; "but—but—it was all a joke, you know, and we didn't—we didn't—What went off?"

"I don't know whether you knew whether the gun was loaded or not," Denver replied. "I'll give you all the benefit of the doubt."

"We didn't—we didn't," exclaimed the band in chorus.

"Well, it went off by accident. And it was a good job for all of us I wasn't where you left me when it did. I'm going to bed now." Denver whipped off his coat. "You'd better all do the same, because it's late."

Taking no more notice of the others, Denver undressed and got into bed. He had scarcely laid down his head when he heard his name quietly spoken. He looked up.

"We're very sorry to disturb you, old man," said Markham; "but we can't sleep without you forgive us. We've been awful brutes, you know; but we didn't mean anything serious, and, and—won't you forgive us?"

Then Denver sat up in bed and held out his hand.

"All right, chummies!" he said, "come and shake, and forgive and forget. You made a double mistake—I'll explain in the morning—and I guess there'll be an awful row to morrow over that explosion. If we keep mum, though, I reckon they'll never be able to fix it on us. Good night, all!

"Good night, Denver; you're a brick!"

* * * * *

And they never *did* fix it on them!

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—You will observe this month that we have altered the scheme of our competitions. In each competition there are three classes, and a prize will be awarded to the winner in each class. Consolation prizes will be given at the Editor's discretion, and in future, when a competitor sees on the Results Page that he has won a consolation prize, he should immediately send the Editor a post-card, saying whether he would like to have a volume of the *Strand*, *Wide World*, or CAPTAIN, as it is possible that a competitor may have already won a CAPTAIN volume. Please be very careful to address your envelopes properly, mentioning number of competition and the number of your class, and remember to put these particulars on the coupon.]

The highest age limit is twenty-five

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted, except when post cards have to be sent. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

When competitions are to be sent on post-cards, no coupons should be attached, as this is contrary to post-office regulations.

Address thus:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by February 12th.

No. 1.—**"My Best Friend."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best essays, not exceeding 400 words, on "My Best Friend." State what sort of a person your best friend is, and the qualities that you look for in a friend.

Class I. . . . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . . . Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. . . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—**"Chess."** For competition this month our Chess Editor is giving an exercise on the mate with king and queen. Solvers must give full answers.

Place white king, white queen, and black king, each on its own square. White to move, and mate in eight.

The key-move to the last problem is R—B4, and black's two moves number over forty.

Competitors must, in future, state the number of their answers, and competitions will be decided as follows: For fully correct solutions as many points will be awarded as there are moves in the shortest solution (this month, for example, eight). The highest scorer every month will receive the prize. On securing a prize a solver's score is cancelled, and he starts next month at zero—all solvers accumulating their points until successful.

Class I. . . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . . Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . . . . Age limit: Fifteen.

Send answers on post-cards, stating "class" and age. A prize of 7s. will be awarded to the winner in each class. *(For illustration of problem, see page 435.)*

No. 3.—**"Tommy Atkins."** Three magnificent boxes of water colour paints, value 10s. 6d. each, will be awarded to the senders of the best sketches in any medium—that is to say, coloured or plain—of "Tommy Atkins." He can belong to any regiment you like.

Class I. . . . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . . . Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. . . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

A prize will be awarded to the winner in each class.

No. 4.—**"War Map."** Three prizes of 7s. will be given to the senders of the three best "War Maps of the Transvaal," marking sites of battles with crossed swords.

Class I. . . . . Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. . . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—**"Letter Writing."** Three prizes of 5s. will be awarded to the senders of the three best "Letters to the Old Fag" (not exceeding the usual sheet of notepaper) on "The Sort of Competition I Like Best, and Why."

Class I. . . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . . Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . . . . Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 6.—**"Open to Everybody."** Send on a post-card a four, six, or eight-line "Valentine Verse to Tommy Atkins." No coupon required. No age limit. Prize: 1s. 1s. 0d.

NOTICE.

All competitions must reach us by February 12th. Results will be announced in the first number of Vol. III. (April).

SPECIAL PAGE.

(Contributed by Readers.)

THIS month A. S. GOLDSTEIN, 47, The Common, Upper Clapton, N., is the winner. His parody on "The Devout Lover" is very neat. Mr. Goldstein will not pay for his CAPTAIN for one year.

We print some other good contributions.

"The Devout Sportsman."

(With apologies to "The Devout Lover.")

It is not mine to "drive" and "cut" and "place
With C. B. Fry's surpassing power and grace:
To make no wondrous jumps to me is given
Whereby the record of the world is riven.

Not mine, like him, so skilfully to tell
The way to play those games I know so well.
Not mine to emulate his ev'ry feat,
Nor sit and sigh to be a famed athlete.

But mine it is to stand among the crowd,
Applaud his feats with frantic cheers and loud,
Buy all his works, regardless of expense,
And worship him in distant reverence.

A. S. GOLDSTEIN.

"The Lowest of the Lot."

(A Fact.)

A lady of diminutive stature—one of a family all considerably taller than herself—told a poor Irish girl to call at her house on the following day for some soup. The girl accordingly did so, and inquired for Miss ——. On the servant asking her which Miss —— she referred to, her astonishment may be imagined when the girl replied:—

"The *lowest* of the lot!"

G. S. WEST.

The Tusky Boer.

The Tusky Boer went out to fight;
He fought and fought with all his might.
But Britain would not stand this, so
She beat old Kruger at Glencoe.

The Tusky Boer came out again,
And dared to shell a British train:
And Kruger said he'd make us flee;
So Britain beat him at Dundee.

And good old Colonel Powell, he,
From Mafeking would never flee.
And though the odds were two to one;
He said: "I'll fight 'em all alone."

R. MASSEY.

She Didn't Quite Understand.

Mrs. Grundy: "Good morning, shopkeeper. Got any new 'lays' to-day?"

Shopkeeper: "Got none newer than that of the 'Last Minstrel,' ma'am."

Mrs. Grundy: "Well, suppose I take sixpenny-worth of those?"

JUDSON.

P.S.—I am sure you will reject this absurd joke, but I want you to tell me what you think of it. [*Not so bad.* ED.]

Quick Matches.

There have only been twenty instances in the last thirty years of first-class cricket matches having been commenced and finished in the same day. Twelve of these took place at Lord's: M.C.C. were concerned in seven of these remarkable encounters; and Lancashire and Somersetshire in four each.

E. E. TODD.

[NOTE.—A number of correspondents have pointed out to me that "A Mixed Poem," recently published in this page, was not original, but copied from another publication. The sender of that poem will, in future, be debarred from contributing to this page, and from entering for any of our competitions.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

A. G. Simmons.—Fair. The gardener's face is the best part of the drawing.

R. Barnard.—Poem not so dusty. I don't think "annex it" is a good rhyme to "expected." Your metre is wobbly.

Anchorite.—Another poet! Your metre, too, is wobbly. I agree with you, that "the gallant Wilberforce" is an inspiring subject.

Eveline Midgley.—"The Little Crossing Sweeper" made me cry.

James Weir.—The war seems to have set you all scribbling verse. In your case it's a bad habit, and I should advise you to give it up.

Briton.—The O.F. thanks you for your kind acrostic. He is indeed a long suffering gent.

E. Anstey.—Idea funny; draughtsmanship deficient.

C. C. Boutwood.—Vigorous, but hardly artistic.

B. Lockhart.—Well done—"Age Twelve!"

James Ramsay.—Legs too short; arms too short; hands too small.

H. O. Weller.—Your essay is not funny, but I admire your determination. Go on trying, and never say die!

E. A. Smith.—Rather pretty; but why do you write on both sides of the paper?

May Martin.—He write "He and I," leaving out rotten eggs part; this is not funny. You might also leave out the part about his clothes. The rest is good.

"Dulcis" comes forward with an elaborate suggestion as to the way we should manage our competitions. He says: "I propose that you award marks for each competition sent in — three marks for prizes, two for a consolation prize, one for honourable mention — and at the end of the volume, add up the marks and award a grand prize — say a gramophone, bicycle, or cinematograph to the winner of the greatest number of marks."

I should be glad to adopt this suggestion if I had a large staff of clerks at my disposal. As it is, my staff is already complaining of overwork. Mr. Springs, the assistant editor, has been invalided away to Bournemouth for a week, while Thomas Henry Charles William Adolphus Smith, the office younggentleman, says that his doctor has been remarking on his extreme pallor and thinness, and says that what would suit him would be a Mediterranean trip extending over three years, all expenses paid by the Editor. This being the state of things, my dear "Dulcis," I am afraid that, for the present, I can only pigeon-hole your kind proposal.

CABBY: "'Arf-a-crown too much! Well, as you're a furriner, say two-and-six."

SMART FOREIGNER: "Good! It is not possible to cheat me."

"Susan, Eliza, and Jemima" run a little magazine of their own, and want me to give them some ideas. Here's one. Let Susan begin a serial story, and write Chapter I., and let Eliza write Chapter II., and Jemima Chapter III., and so on. The hero, treated thus by three lady novelists, ought to be an all-round sort of chap—eh?

"Some Hunting Stories" is the title I have given a review of "The History of the Belvoir Hunt," which I found in the *Daily Chronicle*. I hope the editor will forgive me for reproducing that excellent review of an excellent book for the benefit of my "boys and old boys."

With regard to our Gramophone Competition, you will find that the following verse sums up very aptly the possibilities of this extraordinary invention.—

A Riddle—Read.

No tongue I have, no hands, nor yet a voice,
Yet talk, or sing, or play, which is your choice.
There is no instrument that you can name
I am not mistress of; 'tis all the same
With song—I sing untiring with the purest tone.
Soprano, alto, bass, or baritone.
All languages are mine; with wondrous skill
I talk, weep, laugh, and will your senses thrill
With stirring scenes from playwrights, comic, tragic,
All bow in turn to my resistless magic.
Music and song my captives, sound my throne,
I reign supreme, their Queen,

GRAMOPHONE.

My Dear Old Fag,—I am a girl, and I looks towards you. *(I raises my glass, and*

bows.—O.F.) Now I hope you will not be offended, but my private opinion is that you are not so old as your portrait leads one to believe. Now, are you? *(Yes; older, in fact.—O.F.)* I shall come and see you one day, so as to make sure, so look out for squalls! Still, if you really *are* as old as you appear you must be a perfect old darling. *(Ahem!—O.F.)* I was surprised to hear there was no Mrs. Old Fag, because you wear such a worried look. However, perhaps there will be one shortly, eh? I hope her portrait will appear in THE CAPTAIN. Now I will conclude. I remain,

Ever your most affectionate,
"MARJORIE."

"Gulliver" on the magic lantern! You will be interested to hear that Mr. A. Johnson, the clever photographic illustrator of Mr. Mayland's "New Gulliver's Travels," has made magic lantern slides of his pictures, and will be glad to supply them to readers of THE CAPTAIN at 1s. each. His address is 116, Tollington Park, London, N.

Dear Old Fag,—You were quite right in supposing that the poem entitled "A-dreaming in the Forest," was the work of a child, for I wrote it when twelve years old, while staying for my holiday in Sussex. I was fourteen last October.—Your faithfully,

"JUDSON."

A "VERY EARLY" DRAWING BY CECIL ALDIN.
(See page 419.)

"France," writing from a big public school, which is attended by many day-boys, asks me whether I consider it right for boys to meet girls and talk to girls to whom they have not been properly introduced. I can only say, in reply, that a boy who does this is not a gentleman, and a girl who does it is not a lady. The practice is not to be regarded with a shrug of the shoulders or an indulgent smile. You boys must behave as gentlemen *always*, and you girls must retain your self-respect.

"On behalf of all French boys in this country," concludes "France," "I beg to tender an apology for the insults recently offered to Her Majesty the Queen by some of the French newspapers." This fellow is made of the right stuff, evidently. It would be a good thing if some of the French editors were inspired by the same honourable feeling.

Norwegian Boy wishes that the boys of his country would be more like English boys of the type of Wardour and Sir Billy in "Tales of Greyhouse." My correspondent has just read with delight in a Norwegian paper that boarding schools on the system of English public schools are to be introduced to Norway "by some enterprising gentleman." I am very pleased to hear this, and consider it a great compliment. (N.B.—If my correspondent wishes to tell us more of his compatriots, he should address a little essay to the Special Page.)

"Six browns buy one Browne"—that is to say, sixpence buys *Tom Browne's Comic Annual*, which is still to be seen on every bookstall throughout the kingdom. As has already been stated, you laugh till you cry, and you cry till you laugh—over this funny booklet—and then you start crying again, and then laughing, until everybody thinks you are going into hysterics.

Owing to the big crowd of other things, "When You Leave School" and "Magazines" are held over till next month.

Many happy returns to:—

SIR HENRY IRVING, b. Feb. 6th, 1838.
ANTHONY HOPE, b. Feb. 9th, 1863.
W. CLARK RUSSELL, b. Feb. 24th, 1844.
JULES VERNE, b. Feb. 8th, 1828.
COLONEL BADEN-POWELL, b. Feb. 22nd, 1857.

Cricketers.

A. E. TROTT (Middlesex), b. Feb. 6th, 1873.
A. N. HORNBY (Lancashire), b. Feb. 10th, 1847.
C. MCGAHEY (Essex), b. Feb. 12th, 1871.
A. P. LUCAS (Essex), b. Feb. 20th, 1857.

With the Old Fag's compliments.

OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. R.—Bang your mag. in regularly, and it shall be reviewed in its turn. We shall be absolutely "regardless of your feelings."

Maple Leaf sends a hearty yarn from Truro, Nova Scotia. Referring to Mr. Mackie's story, "Maple Leaf" remarks that the wild and woolly West isn't half so wild and woolly as it's supposed to be, as the Mounted Police keep such good order, "to the discomfort of American miners who come over the border flourishing their six-shooters."

Anti-Krugerite (oh, you bloodthirsty young ruffian!) is informed that his question *re* stamps has been handed to Mr. Gooch. "A-K." says that when THE CAPTAIN reaches his house, even the cat and dog are in a frenzy of excitement!

Lalla Rookh.—(1) I will endeavour to make it clear what each correspondent has written about *when there is enough space*. When I am roped for room I have to give those short, enigmatical replies of which you complain. (2) The Chess Editor will answer you and others next month. (3) The "Mixed Poem" matter is referred to on the Special Page.

J. L. R. suggests a rather complicated competition to deal with a supposed war involving the whole of Europe. He will see his suggestion has given me an idea for a competition, *i.e.*, "War Map of Europe" competition.

Printer thinks that "an account of how THE CAPTAIN is printed and published, with photographs of the printing presses, etc. (we've had pictures of the editor), would prove very interesting to all readers of the best boys' paper going." Well, the editor will see if this can be done.

"Journalist."—Your verses show only average talent. You have evidently got the *cacoethes scribendi* pretty badly. A journalist should be an all-round man, well read, keenly alive to all that is going on, and in touch with the classics, as well as a foreign language or two. Correct spelling and punctuation come to be a matter of habit as you go on, but I may tell you that Macaulay always wrote with a dictionary at his elbow.

Walter Wilkinson and Others.—In future no volume advertisements will appear in the body of the magazine.

W. Bridge.—Drawings, if good enough, will be accepted for the Special Page.

"Briton."—If you will write to the editor, *Scotsfordian Monthly*, Scotsford House Commercial School, 24, London Road, Tunbridge Wells, he will tell you how to print a school magazine by means of Edison's Mimeograph.

Boxer.—You will observe that we are publishing a series of articles on "Boxing." For "hints on diet," see Mr. Fry's article, "How to Train for Sports," in No. 1, April, 1899.

H. F. Mackie.—(1) Feed your rabbits on dandelions, hemlock, the most tender part of winter cabbages, Thorley's Food, and bran. But you should have a talk with somebody who has kept rabbits for a considerable time. Of course, it is hard luck that you have no grass for them to run about on occasionally, but no doubt you have a pretty big yard. Keep an eye on the cat when they are perambulating. (2) The list you send is an excellent one.

Lindsey B. Jupp.—As far as I know, "Wangamū" is correct; at any rate, a letter addressed to that place will probably reach your man. I don't think you caught "Ye Old 'Un" napping. "Aoneist" is good.

X. E. R.—Am so sorry to disappoint you, old chap, but the pictures are not quite good enough.

"Fickle."—(1) To get a post as steward on one of the "liners," go to the East India Dock, and inquire for the Superintendent Steward's office—of the Castle Line. They employ some hundreds of hands, and by a little perseverance you might get a post. Or, visit the docks, and apply in person on board one of the ships. You could also attend the Shipping Office, West India Dock Road, E.C. (2) The salary would depend upon the post you got, and it varies very much—from £3 to £10 per month. (3) The outfit would be small, depending altogether upon the kind of ship you "sign on."

K. E. C.—R. N. Hancock is Football Captain of Tonbridge; A. Brown is Captain of the School.

Pro-Boer.—*It* was the artist's fault; he knows better now.

"Another of the Crew."—Your suggestion to hand. It would not be worth our while.

Percy Woodcock.—(1) Yes, I think you would be much better employed in a Clyde ship-building yard than at sea, and I advise you by all means to accept the offer if you personally think you would like the kind of work. (2) Your age would be about right. (3) Yes, it would be best to be an apprentice—term, about five years. (4) It would depend upon the department you entered. To a smart fellow it offers very good prospects. (5) *If*, as I said before, you think you would like the kind of work, go ahead, and good luck to you!

George David H——t.—I have already lectured them for calling themselves "only girls," so I don't think your reproof is necessary. I congratulate you on your "jolly sisters."

M. O. Bale.—(1) The book you require is called "Reed's Engineers' Handbook for the

Board of Trade Examinations, with Questions and Answers, etc." It is published at 14s., but you can obtain it from Messrs. A. & F. Denny, Booksellers' Row, Strand, W.C., at a discount of 25 per cent. (2) The artists you mention work sometimes from models, and sometimes their drawings are done "out of their heads." "Light, Shade, and Shadow" is the title of an excellent book for Art Students, just published by George Newnes, Limited; the price is 3s. 6d.

"The Baby."—Many thanks for the photograph of yourself. I admire your taste in hats. When I have enough photos for the purpose, I hope to publish another page of "Pretty Sisters."

"Spades."—(1) Glad to hear you are getting your muscle up so vigorously. (2) I prefer not to make any arrangements of that sort.

Ethel D.—That's the sort of letter! I know people object to paying double price for a special number, and that is why I took care that my Christmas Number should be "the same little sixpence as ever." There will be a Summer Number in due course.

Ralph Caron.—We have so many topics on hand which must take precedence of those you mention, that I should advise you to look them up in an encyclopædia.

"The Abbot."—We have already got a Chess Editor.

A. Prescott.—Photographic competitions when weather is suitable.

K.A.K.—(1) See reply to "K. E. C." (2) Can anybody tell "K. A. K." how old Deerfoot, the Indian, was when he made his record run of over eleven miles in the hour?

A. P. Nimmo.—It will be more interesting when the war is over.

L. A. B. (JAMAICA HIGH SCHOOL).—(1) Glad to hear you like us. (2) Our address is: 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. A 10ft. enlargement (oil painting) of the cover is fixed to the exterior of the building, so anybody passing by can't very well miss us. (3) Long ere this you will have seen the announcements of foreign and colonial readers' competitions. The results are announced in this number.

Judson.—The ages of Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree are sixty-one, forty-seven, and forty-six years respectively.

"Geo." (BRUXELLES).—When you come to London I should advise you to attend the Slade School, Gower Street, W.C. Write to the Secretary for a prospectus.

O. Wilberforce.—Order THE CAPTAIN from a newsagent, three shillings for six months.

Chinawife.—(1) A good letter. Hope you passed that exam. (2) In the comps. each comp. must have a coupon tied, nailed, glued, pasted, gummed, or otherwise fastened on to it. (3) Certainly you may write again. (4) S.T.V.E.Q.V. = *Si tu vales ego quoque valeo; i.e.*, "If you are well, I also am well." (Although, as a matter of fact, I have a bad cold—so I suppose you have one, too!)

THE OLD FAG.

A Slip.

PEDAGOGUE: "*Perkins Minimus, state what you know of Riga.*"
P. MINIMUS (*absently*): "*There was a young lady of Riga,*
Who———" (*500 lines.*)

Results of December Competitions.

No. I.—As this competition did not close until January 15th, results will be announced in THE CAPTAIN for March.

No. II.—Best Poetical Extract on "Glory."

£1 1s. divided between: EDITH R. ABELL, Grafton Manor, Bromsgrove; and B. FOSTER, Troutbeck Hydro, Ilkley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur H. Fowler, W. Erlam Smith, May G. Stewart, Samuel M. Luntz, Edith R. Harrop, Frances Mary Hunter, Norman M. Smythe, Wilfred M. Hall, Jennie Clasper, Dorothy Johnson, Alfred Goode, T. C. Judson, Ethel Coppock, J. Anderson, Margaret Nicholls, W. O. Jones, G. R. Howell-John.

No. III.—Best Piece of Serious Verse describing "A Charge of Cavalry."

10s. 6d. divided between: REV. J. H. SHACKLETON BAILEY, B.A. (who has requested us to hand his share to the Transvaal Widows and Orphans Fund); and KEITH J. THOMAS, 86, Brenkspears Road, Brockley, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: A. W. ANNAND, 26, Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury; and W. BURTON, Clarence House, Sames Road, Anerley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lucia Barker, W. T. Kennedy, Arnold Edwardes, Herbert Robinson, A. J. Smith, Norah Tollit, Frederick G. Bristow, Lizzie Twigg, John Younger.

No. IV.—Chess Problem.

£1 1s. divided between: C. B. JOYNER, "Lake View" Pittville, Cheltenham; R. C. JENNINGS, 54 Green Bank Avenue, Plymouth; P. WILKINS, 93, Wellington Road, Stoke.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. G. S. Thomas, T. McCormack, J. L. Moir, R. H. Fletcher, C. W. L. Tiddy, C. B. Mellenfield, K. C. Jacobsen, T. A. Poulter, N. P. Wood, A. P. Bree, L. Shillingford, C. Mellows, S. W. Billings, C. H. Barfield, R. M. Sutcliff, H. H. Taylor, A. G. McLean, H. Dickins, J. C. Plaister, F. N. Mayo, N. N. Nicholls, A. M. Foster, R. Bennett, A. J. Head, W. W. Barkett, H. F. Beattie, F. Clayton, A. W. H. Peach, F. Pinsent, N. J. Chignell, F. A. H. Powell, H. F. Rothwell, E. G. Stredwick, F. C. Wilson, A. W. Taylor, N. A. B. Hunt, A. G. Innes, R. G. D. Addey, A. K. Lecky, R. Dale, C. H. Cunningham, R. H. Brent Clark, C. G. Wodehouse, G. W. Chambers, C. K. Granger, F. B. Wallace, W. Bishop, E. Wass, H. H. Cudmore, T. Dennis, A. J. Woolgar, K. R. Paul, F. A. Danby, A. H. Sudell, H. A. Webb, H. Caulkin, A. Rivett.

No. V.—Best Sketch of "A Boy Running."

10s. 6d. divided between: V. C. GLENMORE, 31, Southey Place, Bradford, Yorks.; and TOM WRIGHT, 4, Wilton Road, Colliers Wood, Merton, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alfred C. S. Price, Fred Holmes, Irene Martin, D. G. Ford, D. M. Reed, W. P. Clough, K. T. Hengler, F. Baron, John Kerr, A. H. Boss, Joseph B. Kelly, Ellen Frances C. Brown, George Dennison Craggs, Ethel Day, William Archibald, J. J. P. Evans, C. B. Canning, William H. Hubbard, T. J. Offer, Eleanor Theakston, A. S. Goldstein, Arthur Edward Hibbs.

No. VI.—Best "Story Told by a War Horse."

WINNER OF 15s.: ALEX. J. COWPER, 1, Oakley Terrace, Dennistown, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: ELSIE BAZELEY, "Lowick," S. Mayer's Road, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Norman Buss, H. M. Arnold, Edwin E. Todd, Lilla Shadbolt, John B. Edgar, William Nicholls.

No. VII.—Best List of "Contrary Proverbs."

10s. 6d. divided between: BEATRICE RITCHIE, The Schools, Killinchy, Co. Down, Ireland; and ALBERT E. HAMILTON, 6, Lawrence Street, Belfast, Ireland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: THOMAS WALKER, 39, Devon Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. E. Holmes, G. H. Amphlett, R. Webster.

No. VIII.—Best Map showing Course of the River Nile.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: CHARLES DAVID KAY, "Highfield," Pear Tree Green, Southampton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: CHARLES HERBERT CRUTTENDEN, High Street, Uckfield, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Edmund Ellis, Fred Lake, F. W. Leith Ross, Henry R. F. Kingscote, H. H. Wellington, Stanley Rivron, James Williamson Thompson, Charles G. P. Ludlow, P. J. Basker, John S. Potts, Bessie Mann, Hilda Heckle, Marjorie A. Chalmers, Percy Craddock, Basil Brown, Sidney Neville Smith, Mary C. Wrey, Leslie J. S. Allen, A. E. Birmingham, Arthur H. Smith.

No. IX.—Best "Letter to the Old Fag" on "My Favourite Lesson." (Age limit: Eleven.)

WINNER OF 7s. 6d.: ALGERNON KINGSCOTE, Poste Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: JAMES DUNN, "Duckmanton," Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. D. Marks, Gabriel Bevan.

No. X.—Same Subject. (Age limit: Nine.)

WINNER OF 5s.: HILDA MARGARET GOULDEN, 56, Finsbury Park Road, Finsbury Park, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: A. C. GREEN, "Aldhurst," Leigham Court Road, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hilda Smith, Eric Macintosh.

FOREIGN READERS' COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—Best Essay on "What We Eat Out Here."

£1 1s. divided between: F. A. ROGERS, Diocesan Railway Mission, Grahamstown, Cape Colony; and ELEANOR M. DAVIDSON, 127, Edmonton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: EDITH LECKIE, "Holcrest," Londonderry, Nova Scotia; and BESSIE T. BROWNE, Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. R. Lloyd (Cape Town), William E. Sampson (Victoria), Harold Owen (Zululand), Robert Watson (Valparaiso), H. W. McCowan (British Guinea), Charlie Pitt (Cape Town).

No. II.—Best Drawing of "The House I Live In."

WINNER OF £1 1s.: R. F. HOPKINS, "Branchal," Milford Street, St. Kilda, Victoria, Australia.

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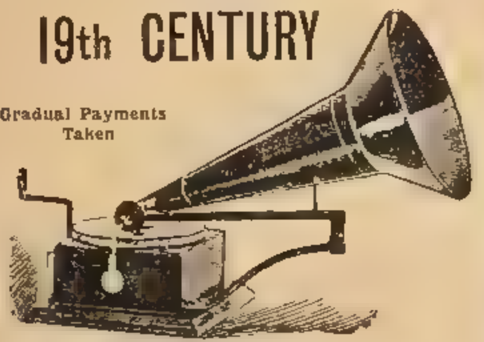

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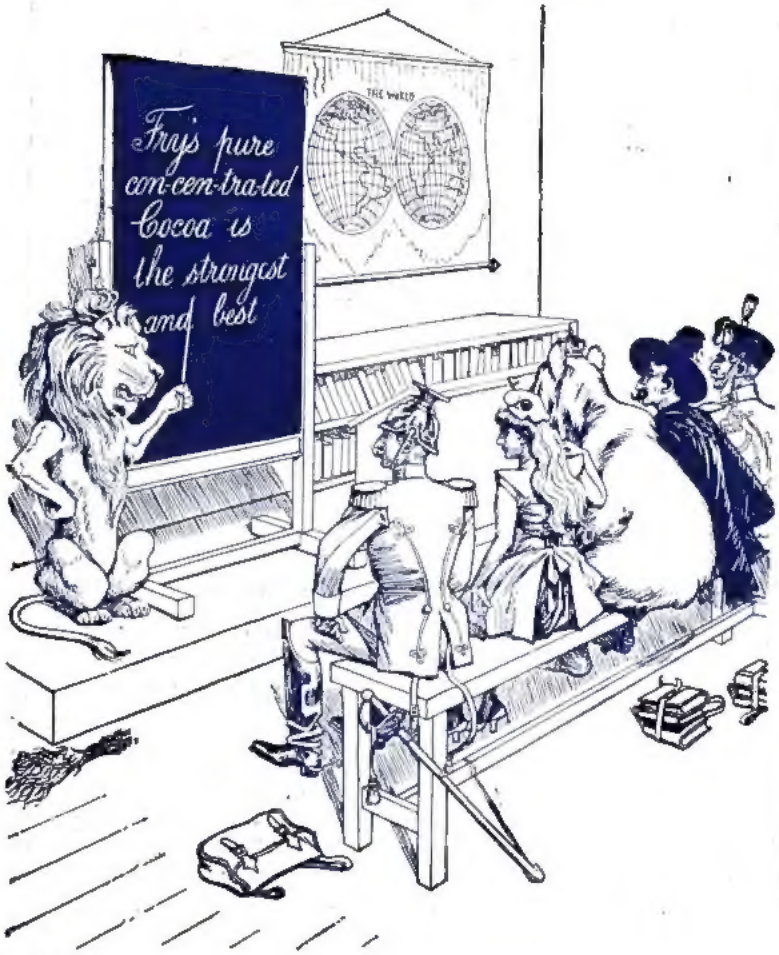

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